

midstream

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

WINTER, 1960

Articles:

- RAPHAEL PATAI The Riots in Wadi Salib
- HARRY STONE From Fagin to Riah:
Jews and the Victorian Novel
- RITCHIE CALDER The Weizmann Institute of Science
- DAVID ANIN The Chain Reaction of Disarmament
- ROBERT GORDIS The Judaism of Herman Wouk
- THEODOR HERZL
and Letters (1892-1895)
- ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Fiction:

- I. BASHEVIS SINGER At the Poorhouse
- JASCHA KESSLER The Great Drought

Poetry:

- ISABELLA FEY Day of Wrath
and
Blind Man in Amsterdam

Books and Authors:

EZRA SPICEHANDLER • LESLIE A. FIEDLER • THEODORE FRANKEL

From the Four Corners:

YIGAL ALLON • HENRY POPKIN

\$1.00

PUBLISHED BY THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION, INC.

For Your Son or Daughter in College

AN APPROPRIATE AND USEFUL GIFT

A SUBSCRIPTION to:

MIDSTREAM, A Quarterly Jewish Review

ENJOYABLE

INFORMATIVE

STIMULATING

AND

AN EDUCATIONAL AID

~~~~~  
**Literature • Politics • Book Reviews**  
**Poetry • World-Wide Reportage**  
~~~~~

Among Our Contributors

LESLIE FIEDLER / IRVING HOWE / MAURICE SAMUEL
HERBERT GOLD / WILL HERBERG / ABBA EBAN
JAMES T. FARRELL / I. BASHEVIS SINGER
HOWARD FAST / THEODORE REIK / DAN JACOBSON
and Many Others

MIDSTREAM

515 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to MIDSTREAM for

☐ 3 yrs. for only \$8.00

☐ 2 yrs. for \$6.00

☐ 1 yr. for \$4.00

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ Payment Enclosed

☐ Bill Me

midstream

A Quarterly Jewish Review

Editor
SHLOMO KATZ

Editorial Assistant
ELIZABETH SHUB

Editorial Board

EMANUEL NEUMANN, *Chairman* - MILTON R. KONVITZ - MARVIN LOWENTHAL
MAURICE SAMUEL - JUDD L. TELLER

Winter, 1960

Volume VI, No. 1

From the Four Corners:

- Message to President Nasser, *by* YIGAL ALLON..... 2
Sartre's Prisoners of Altona, *by* HENRY POPKIN..... 109

Articles:

- The Riots in Wadi Salib, *by* RAPHAEL PATAI..... 5
The Chain Reaction of Disarmament, *by* DAVID S. ANIN..... 15
From Fagin to Riah: Jews and the Victorian Novel,
by HARRY STONE..... 21
Excerpts from the Correspondence Between Theodor Herzl
and Arthur Schnitzler (1892-1895)..... 46
The Weizmann Institute of Science, *by* RITCHIE CALDER..... 65
Religion in One Dimension: The Judaism of Herman Wouk,
by ROBERT GORDIS..... 82

Fiction:

- At the Poorhouse, *by* I. BASHEVIS SINGER..... 38
The Great Drought, *by* JASCHA KESSLER..... 91

Poetry:

- The Day of Wrath and Blind Man in Amsterdam, *by* ISABELLA FEY 81

Books and Authors:

- Between "Messianism" and "Defensism," *by* EZRA SPICEHANDLER 95
Almost, Indeed, the Fool, *by* LESLIE A. FIEDLER..... 100
Between God and Hitler, *by* THEODORE FRANKEL..... 102

Comment:

- HARRY GOLDEN and JUDD L. TELLER..... 94

MIDSTREAM—A Quarterly Jewish Review, is published quarterly by THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION, INC., *Board of Directors:* EMANUEL NEUMANN, *Chairman*, ROSE L. HALPRIN, MAX KIRSCHBLUM, IRVING MILLER, BARUCH ZUCKERMAN, 515 Park Avenue New York 22, New York. JU 2-2610. Subscriptions: \$4.00 a year; \$6.00 for two years. Canada and foreign 50¢ a year additional. Single copy \$1.00. Second class postage paid at New York 1, New York. Copyright © 1960 by THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION, INC., All rights reserved. Indexed in Public Affairs Information Service.

from the four corners

A MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT NASSER

By YIGAL ALLON

ELEVEN YEARS AGO, at the end of October, 1948, I had the rare opportunity of meeting a group of Egyptian senior officers on the Southern front of Israel—part of the Egyptian Army which was encircled by our forces in the Faluja pocket. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser was one of them. The eleventh anniversary of this event makes me think once more of all the unnecessary bloodshed and suffering that took place during this time as a result of the absurd and deplorable state of war which is still existing between our countries. And I said to myself, if I had again, today, an opportunity of meeting Colonel Nasser in his presidential capacity, or any other influential Arab leader, and of discussing matters with them, perhaps I could tell them a few things that would at least make them think in a different way about our common problems. Such an opportunity being, unfortunately, out of the question at the moment, I decided to try and commit to writing my part of the imaginary dialogue, then publish it in this journal, which has readers the world over, the Arab countries included. My opinions are, of course, strictly my own, though I am sure they express the feelings of a great majority of the people of Israel.

Gentlemen, I would have told such Arab leaders, if we sat opposite one another the way we did that day eleven years ago, you are doubtless well aware of the fact that Israeli leaders, including our prime minister, have repeatedly and publicly made it clear that our

government is ready and willing to discuss with you directly a peace treaty. This is actually the reason why Israel agreed in the first place to sign the 1949 Armistice Agreements; it was Israel's hope that this would inevitably lead to a lasting peace. But all of you insist on maintaining a state of war.

As a citizen of both Israel and our great Middle Eastern region, I cannot envisage greater harm to both the area and its ancient peoples than this endless and artificial state of belligerency. The huge arms expenditure can be borne only at great economic sacrifice and the lowering of standards of living. Must we arm at the expense of our peoples when so much vital development work remains to be done in all our countries? This split between the nations of the Middle East is, as you know, being used by the big powers of both world blocs to penetrate our region. This, of course, endangers the independence of the new nations, including Egypt and Israel. It will, unless remedied, make these nations, which have struggled for so long for their sovereignty, increasingly dependent, both economically and politically, on the policies of the great powers.

If, Gentlemen, you insist on maintaining this abnormal state of belligerency because you do not recognize Israel's right to exist and are merely waiting for an opportune moment to strike, do not expect us to treat you as though normal peaceful relations existed. So long as your government regards itself as being engaged in hostilities, we shall continue to defend our existence. Even in this peaceful message I must make it crystal clear that the people of Israel are determined to defend themselves and are eminently competent to do so. Any future clash

can lead only to needless bloodshed without in any way altering the fact of Israel's existence. I therefore appeal to you to think it over for the sake of the peoples of our region.

But if, as some Arab spokesmen suggest, you are maintaining a large standing Army because you believe that Israel harbors expansionist aims, let me hasten to reassure you. I solemnly declare that no such intentions exist. If this fear of expansion is really the main reason for your hostility, I am confident that some political agreement can be worked out, so that the necessary psychological atmosphere can be created to give the people of our region a proper sense of security. Israel does not constitute a menace to the Arab world. On the contrary, she is most anxious to be a friend and ally. Israel would be dangerous only if she herself were threatened.

As you know, the Jewish people returned to Israel after a long period of exile and suffering. They went back not only to their historic homeland, but also to their native continent and age-old neighbors. The historic record, both of Moslem and Jew, as well as the similarity of our Semitic languages, are evidence of the fact that Arabs and Jews may consider themselves not merely as neighbors but also as brethren. Their common cultural background and common interests (though perhaps this is not at present noticeable) are, I believe, something on which close future relations can be based, inaugurating a great new era for the entire Middle East.

This region is normally regarded as an under-developed area. But at the same time it offers to its people tremendous hopes, if properly developed and harnessed, for the welfare of its peoples. We have in this area enough natural wealth, oil and water, minerals and manpower, know-how and technological ability to make the Middle East the envy of other less blessed regions. We stand at the crossroads of the world's great communications routes.

From every point of view—economic

and political, cultural and strategic—I believe that the ultimate solution for the entire region lies in the creation of a regional organization, a Middle East commonwealth of sovereign nations, interdependent on each other for economic, political, cultural, scientific and defensive co-operation. This confederation would not only secure adequate national autonomy for all member states, but also ensure the presence of an efficient organization to prevent conflict within the region and to establish it as a powerful instrument able to eradicate poverty, disease and illiteracy and to make a considerable contribution to the peace of the world.

SUCH A PLAN may be regarded as Utopian while peace does not exist between Israel and her neighbors. But regardless of whether this scheme is acceptable to the Arab governments in the region or not, it is an undeniable fact that peace is needed equally by all parties. I therefore maintain that it is high time to make peace. But if some Arab governments find it difficult for domestic reasons to move immediately from a state of war to complete peace and feel that a transitional period is required, I would suggest that the desirable alternative should not lie between a state of war, which is dangerous to all, or a peace agreement, which is not yet acceptable to yourselves, but in an intermediary agreement, such as a non-aggression pact, which may prevent future clashes and lead ultimately to a full settlement. This would be not only a safeguard against hostilities, but also help to create the psychological atmosphere for a final settlement. There can, of course, be many suggestions for such a transitional period, and what I am suggesting to you now is intended only as a basis for discussion. I submit these eight points:

(1) A condition *sine qua non*: the state of belligerency must be ended.

(2) Cessation of all forms of war-mongering, including bellicose speeches, hate propaganda and mili-

tary incursions. Let us try to prevent the enmity between our countries, which is poisoning the youth and turning into a permanent hatred, from becoming impossible to eradicate even when the governments may be ready to think it over again.

(3) All parties should insist that the Middle East be excluded from interference on the part of the world blocs and left to conduct its own affairs.

(4) Strategic and political arrangements should be made to prevent the possibility of sudden attack on countries within the region.

(5) To prevent violations of such an agreement, mixed observer units composed of Israelis and Arabs should be set up. These units would be commanded by officers of both sides and, if desirable, accompanied by UN observers. They would be empowered to control the border line in order to prevent surprise attacks.

(6) Discussions on ways of solving the refugee problem (both Arab refugees from Palestine and Jewish

refugees from Arab countries) should be held before a final peace settlement. The question of compensation for property lost by both these categories should be considered as soon as a transitional agreement is concluded.

(7) Initial followed by regular contact should be established between the parties concerned. This can be done if the respective governments authorize their Ambassadors in, say, Switzerland or Poland to meet to discuss problems as they crop up. A precedent for this has been established by Washington and Peking, whose representatives in Warsaw are authorized to make contact as required.

(8) If such a transitional agreement should prove itself workable it would provide for common use of available communications and possibly other facilities. Israel, for example, would grant the UAR and other Arab countries signatories to such an agreement the use of her land communications and transit rights and provide free dock facilities for countries not having access to the Mediterranean seaboard. In exchange, Israel would enjoy land and sea communications to Africa, as well as to Turkey and the Persian Gulf, through Arab territory.

The proposals should by no means be construed as a sign of weakness. Any such interpretation is erroneous. They are merely a sincere approach to the problem's solution, in the absence of any other means of communication. Let all good citizens of our respective nations remember the thousands of lives, Arab and Jewish, lost since 1948 in this long period of hostility which, if continued, can lead only to further deadlock, poverty and disaster.

This—and more—is what I would have to say to Arab Leaders if we could only meet. But, alas, they are still "sore" at us. Israel can do no more than wait for the light to penetrate and for a

DISSENT

a quarterly of socialist opinion

WINTER 1960—

A MAJOR DOCUMENT FROM RUSSIA

"On Socialist Realism":

This article by a young Russian writer, published for the first time in full English translation, provides a remarkable portrait of cultural and political life in totalitarian society.

ALSO: "The New Shape of Politics": articles by LEWIS COSER, BEN SELIGMAN, STANLEY PLASTRIK, EMANUEL GELTMAN. And: IRVING HOWE, BERNARD ROSENBERG, MURRAY HAUSKNECHT, NORMAN MAILER, etc.

One year: \$3 Single copy: 75¢

DISSENT, 509 5th Ave., New York 17

(Continued on Page 109)

midstream

A Quarterly Jewish Review

An anthropologist specializing in Jewish and Middle Eastern culture for twenty-five years, RAPHAEL PATAI is now Director of Research for the Theodor Herzl Institute.

The Riots in Wadi Salib

By RAPHAEL PATAI

ON WEDNESDAY, July 8, 1959, late in the evening, a thirty-eight year old Moroccan immigrant, Yaacov Akiva Elkayif, got drunk in a café in the Wadi Salib quarter of Haifa causing a disturbance. The police were called. Elkayif resisted arrest and began to throw bottles. The police fired what was later described as four warning shots, one of which struck Elkayif in the stomach. He was taken to a hospital and a rumor at once spread that the police had killed a Moroccan Jew. Angry crowds gathered, and one police car was stoned.

Next morning, David Haroush, chairman of the local Union of North African Immigrants, urged an excited crowd to march on Haifa police headquarters to protest the previous day's incident. Spokesmen of the Union were received by the police chief and assured that Elkayif was not dead. The crowd refused to believe this, and groups of North Africans, including juveniles and women, stoned several police patrols.

The police were ordered to show restraint, and, meeting no forceful re-

sistance, the crowd went on a rampage in and around Wadi Salib. At 11:15 a. m., they wrecked a small restaurant. At noon a car parked in the street was overturned and burned. The windows of a bank were broken, and another café was damaged. The Mapai and Labor Council clubs were broken into. The police were stoned from rooftops. At 4 p.m. a third café was destroyed.

At 6 p.m. the mob, still practically unchecked, moved up to Hadar Ha-carmel, the middle class residential and business section of Haifa, and went to work causing extensive damage. Here, clashes with the police occurred and thirty-two persons were arrested before the rioters were finally dispersed and forced to retreat. By evening, there had been sixty incidents involving property damage and looting, and the damage was later estimated at 100,000 pounds. All this occurred within a 24-hour period, from Wednesday to night-fall on Thursday when the riots were over and all was quiet in Wadi Salib.

On Thursday, the police set up a court of inquiry to look into the in-

cidents, and leaders of the Moroccan community were called in to consult with the Mayor of Haifa.

The following day, as a show of good will, the detained persons were released on bail. Nevertheless repercussions continued. That same evening a Mapai-sponsored political rally condemned the "anti-social elements which had staged the riots," but simultaneously cautioned the public against blaming an entire community (i. e. the Moroccans or North Africans) for the acts of a small number. To prevent the recurrence of such incidents it was suggested that, "We must overcome the difficulties in the process of fusing the different communities."

Subsequent investigations brought to light few additional details on the actual events of July 8th and 9th. Nor did official pronouncements add anything substantially new to the suggestion voiced at the Mapai-rally. With minor variations in emphasis, they all reiterated the "merging the communities" slogan.

In the Knesset parliamentary debate on July 13th, the representatives of the government parties spoke with measured restraint and minimized the differences in the standard of living between the "Oriental" (i. e. Middle Eastern) Jews and the older inhabitants of Israel. Opposition members of Knesset tried to blame the government for allowing "two standards of living" to exist side by side. A Communist reproached the government for practicing discrimination. An ultra-religious spokesman attributed the outbreak to the fact that the immigrants had been "robbed" of their religious beliefs. A Mapai member, himself a Yemenite, felt that the immigrants from North Africa and Asia were underprivileged and discriminated against.

Within a week the government appointed a committee to investigate the

circumstances and the background of the riots.

ON JULY 20TH, when I arrived in Israel, I found public opinion on the Wadi Salib incident even more sharply divided than the government and opposition members in the Knesset. On the one hand, there were those who argued—as many Israelis of European extraction had in 1949 and 1950 during the mass immigration of Middle Eastern Jews—that these immigrants were wild, primitive, inclined to violence, averse to honest labor, hot heads, a rabble easily incited; and that it had been a mistake to bring them to Israel (or to let them in), and now that they were in the country, the only way to deal with them was to keep them under strict control, in fact under police surveillance. In addition, the Wadi Salib incidents could have been prevented easily, if the police had shown greater firmness.

The opposite argument was presented by the other side: The police provoked the riot with their brutal shooting of an unarmed, harmless drunk. This inexcusable act released the pent-up bitterness of the Moroccans who for years had been discriminated against, who suffered either from the paternalism or the hostile contempt of the established *Yishuv*, who lived in squalor and misery while European newcomers received preferential treatment. Furthermore, the "Oriental" immigrants accounted for the bulk of those on relief, but also comprised the major part of the agricultural workers whom the country desperately needed. One evening, sitting in a Hadar Hacarmel café in Haifa with a group of about twenty Haifans, the argument, thrashed back and forth for hours, grew so violent that some of us feared new riots might start then and there.

I learned a lot that evening about

the 1959 attitude-range of the "established" Israelis toward the Moroccan and North African newcomers. The problem of the inter-relationship between the Eastern and Western halves of Israel has preoccupied me for more than a quarter of a century and as a result of the riots I felt impelled to have a closer look at its latest manifestation. My starting point was Wadi Salib.

Till 1948, Wadi Salib was the worst slum of Arab Haifa. Located near the port, its brothels, hashish-dens and unsavory cafés were frequented by derelicts and petty criminals. During the Arab-Israel war of 1948 all the inhabitants of Wadi Salib fled and it was occupied by Israel forces.

After the war, immigrants began to infiltrate into the empty houses—the quarter was temptingly near their port of arrival. As these first squatters were relocated to better housing by the Israel authorities, they "sold" their apartments for a few hundred pounds "key money."

Most of the 15,000 inhabitants of Wadi Salib in 1959 were immigrants who had arrived in Israel several years previously. They had been assigned homes in rural development areas but had found life there uncongenial, and had moved into the only urban quarter they could afford—the almost uninhabitable slums of Wadi Salib. Some 5,000 of them were North Africans (mostly Moroccans), the rest came from all corners of the earth.

Since its Arab days conditions in Wadi Salib have improved: electricity and running water have been introduced into the houses and the streets are kept clean by the city. But nothing short of complete demolition and rebuilding can change the general character of the quarter which remains the same as when it was inhabited by the most underprivileged Arabs of Haifa:

a squalid congested conglomeration of ramshackle tenements with narrow winding uphill alleys, small overcrowded one or two-room apartments opening on dilapidated common courtyards, criss-crossed with wash-lines, strewn with refuse, suffused with the stench of latrines, infested with rodents and vermin, in short, a typical Middle Eastern slum.

The North Africans of Wadi Salib are mostly unskilled. As a result the employment situation is poor. Many of them are employed in various types of relief and public works, creating among them an atmosphere of futility, and the feeling that they are unable to integrate into the economy of the country. Their economic difficulties are aggravated by their large families. Families with six to eight children are not exceptional. Often as many as ten persons live in a single room with an attached tin shed used as a kitchen. Many among them are social cases. Most of them feel discriminated against, isolated from the established sector of Israel society, and failures in life.

Intra-familial tensions contribute to these frustrations. The father, unable to make a living, cannot control his children. Adolescents lose respect for their parents and religious differences between the tradition-bound older folks and the unobservant younger generation exacerbate the situation. New values and controls are acquired, if at all, only rarely and slowly. In brief, Wadi Salib is the picture of a de-racinated and underprivileged social group with all its concomitant anti-social features.

Why should the Moroccans more than any other Oriental immigrant group, fall prey to all this was the next question to present itself. The answer was not to be found in Israel. Each ethnic group, however destitute,

brought with it an entire culture and heritage which decisively influenced its every reaction to Israel. It was in Morocco, therefore, that the answer to what made the Moroccan Jews Israel's particular "problem children," had to be sought.

I FLEW from Israel to Morocco a few days later. After a brief stopover in Tangier, I went on to Casablanca which, with its 90,000 Jews, is the home of almost half of the Jews who remained in Morocco in 1959. Here was the social, economic, political and cultural environment which had conditioned the Moroccan Jews who had migrated to Israel. Here was the climate, the streets and buildings, the sights and the smells, the ingroups and the outgroups with which they compared, perhaps unintentionally, everything they found in Israel.

The first vast difference in the life of Moroccan Jews in their native country and in Israel was their position in the Moroccan social hierarchy.

Jewish life in Morocco was poverty-ridden and surrounded by frequent reminders of second-class citizenship. And some three years ago, upon the departure of the French, insecurity and fear of the future were added. Nevertheless, these conditions were not regarded as too difficult or unpleasant, because they were part of a socio-economic situation generations old, and because, despite these negative factors, the Jews occupied a relatively high position in the prestige hierarchy, and enjoyed relative material and cultural benefits.

While about 80 per cent of the Muslim natives of Morocco are agriculturalists, 98 or 99 per cent of the Moroccan Jews are engaged in non-agricultural pursuits. To be a peasant, a *fellah* in an Arab or Muslim country means, by

age-old traditional standards accepted in peasant and non-peasant circles alike, to occupy the lowest rung on the socio-economic ladder, to belong to the most ignorant, poor, backward group in the population; it means, to be born to a life of unrelenting hard work, exploitation and humiliation. Not being a peasant, the Moroccan Jew, like the Muslim Moroccan townsman, was able to look down upon a large social class occupying an admittedly lower status. Whatever their own grievances, they could always comfort themselves with the knowledge or the belief that they were socially superior to the overwhelming majority of the Muslim population.

In addition, the Moroccan Jews felt that even in the poorest, dirtiest and most overcrowded *mellah* they were much better off in comparison not only with the peasants, but also with a considerable proportion of the Muslim townspeople themselves. Not far from the Casablanca *mellah*, for instance, is the largest *bidonville* of Morocco, a huge Hooverville of incredible squalor, with its tightly packed huts built of old flattened-out tin cans, swarming with a humanity whose sub-human living conditions cannot be imagined or described. The tens of thousands of people living in the *bidonvilles* around all the major towns of Morocco were originally attracted to them from their villages in the remote interior, mainly the south of the country, by rumors of employment opportunities in the new urban enterprises. Yet not a single Jew lives in these *bidonvilles*, nor in housing conditions approximating them in squalor and misery. This fact cannot escape the Moroccan Jews, and it inevitably becomes an important determinant in convincing them that their life is better than that of the great majority of Moroccan Muslims.

THERE IS also the matter of education and social and medical aid. About 40,000 Jewish children, representing the overwhelming majority of the Moroccan Jewish school-age population, are enrolled in schools maintained by the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, or the smaller and more religiously oriented schools of the *Otzar Hatorah* and the *Lubavitcher* group, or else receive traditional Jewish education in the community-supported old fashioned *Talmud Torah* schools. Adolescents and young adults can attend courses organized by the *Département Educatif de la Jeunesse Juive* in its chain of local community centers. As against this, most Moroccan Muslim children still do not enjoy the benefits of schooling.

In an economically backward, largely illiterate country like Morocco, to acquire the rudiments of the three r's, including a smattering of French, means to obtain skills which are the magic key to a standard of living higher than that of the majority of the Moroccan population.

Again, to study in a school means not only to prepare oneself for a better future which may lie years ahead, but to obtain immediate benefits of considerable magnitude. In many schools of the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, for instance, the pupils receive daily meals, as well as baths and showers, clothes, medical services, and even a weekly allowance. In the Trade School of the *Alliance* in Casablanca, graduates are given as a parting gift the tools of their trade to enable them to go to work directly upon graduation. The OSE (*Oeuvre de Secours aux Enfants Israélites*) gives medical aid, through its network of institutions, to about 10,000 children monthly. All this adds up to making the young Moroccan Jewish generation a part of the occupational and intellectual élite of the country.

Yet another factor which sets Moroc-

can Jews off from their Muslim countrymen is the economic aid they receive. The economically well-established sector of Moroccan Jewry—and there are wealthy merchants and other upper-middle class groups among the Jews of Morocco—complain that the percentage of destitute, those in need of economic support and actually receiving such support, is very high. Some Jewish communities, e.g. that of Tangier, estimate that no less than half of the Jews in their locality receive aid. In Casablanca, the Jewish community gives maintenance to over 3,300 destitute Jews who formerly eked out an existence by begging. In addition to the local efforts, aid on a considerable scale has been forthcoming for many years through the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (JDC) and allied relief organizations.

In 1958, the JDC's feeding program served more than 40,000 Moroccan Jews, and close to 44,000 received United States Department of Agriculture surplus food. All told, more than 61,000 Jews in Morocco (or 30 per cent of the total Jewish population) received aid from the JDC in 1958.

This generally available and continuing relief has had two results: First, it has alleviated the most acute forms of distress among Moroccan Jews, thereby making the poorest among them much better off than the poorest among the Moroccan Muslims. Secondly, it has created among the poorest strata of Moroccan Jewry a sense of being taken care of, a habit of reliance on relief and the expectation that their livelihood is the responsibility of local and overseas Jewish organizations or authorities. Since it was precisely the poorest element among Moroccan Jews that responded in the greatest numbers to the call of Israel, it was to be expected that something of this mentality would remain.

One last factor should be pointed out in this connection. The formative years of the Moroccan Jews who immigrated to Israel, as well as of those who stayed behind, coincided with the last phase of the French protectorate over Morocco. Although objectively the French had not done much to improve the position of the Moroccan Jews, and they certainly gave them no privileges denied to the Muslim native majority, nevertheless there was a general feeling in the country that the Jews occupied a middle social position between the broad Muslim base and the narrow French top of the Moroccan social pyramid.

This feeling was based on a number of factors. The Moroccan Jews were closer to the French than to the Muslims in literacy and occupational structure, in sanitation and health standards and in economic status. Many of them had a tradition of being descendants of immigrants from Europe. Their ancestors came to Morocco from Spain, and this imbued them with a sense of aristocratic origins. Considerable sectors of the long settled Moroccan Jewish population which had lived in the country prior to the arrival of the Spanish Jews, largely assimilated to them, gave up their Arabic mother-tongue for the Ladino of the Spanish Jews, and soon claimed to be Sephardim. After the French occupation, as a result of the educational effort of the French-Jewish *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, an increasing percentage learned French and felt closer to the cultured French than to the uneducated Moroccan Muslim. Whatever the hardships of their lives, the Moroccan Jews came to regard themselves as a social élite, even if only of a somewhat threadbare kind.

SUCH WAS the background and the attitude which the Moroccan Jew-

ish immigrants brought to Israel. As time passed and their life in Morocco receded into the background, there appeared a noticeable tendency often occurring in people whose lives undergo a traumatic change to idealize the past, forgetting its unpleasant sides and retaining only a rosy and unrealistic image. Many now remembered Morocco as a place where everything was fine, much finer than in Israel.

Objectively, too, some features of Israel life appeared harsh and even hateful. First, there is the matter of rural living toward which the Moroccans, together with all the other immigrant groups, are guided by all kinds of positive inducements as well as direct or indirect pressures. Those willing to settle on the land and become farmers get help in the form of a tract of land, a house, equipment, stock, instruction and training, as well as employment on nearby public works projects for a fixed number of days each month until they can support themselves from the yield of their farms. Those who insist on settling in a town, or who give up their farms and move into an urban area, do not receive such extensive help and often feel ignored.

The specific background of the Moroccan Jews explains why so many of them resisted the pressure to settle on land. They had had no Zionist education and no indoctrination with a labor ideology. In all probability they had never heard of the Zionist pioneering ideal of "back to the land." Inevitably, they tended to equate the status and prestige value of agricultural life in Israel with that of the peasantry in Morocco. "Did I come to Israel to become a peasant, to be what no self-respecting Jew in Morocco would be, a *fellah*?" This is the reaction of Moroccan immigrants to the suggestion that they take up rural life, a reaction not unlike that of the early East European

Jewish immigrants in America for whom engaging in manual labor involved a painful loss of face. Long before they had a chance to become acquainted with the Israel status and prestige values they experienced the first shock: The Israeli authorities wanted to do to them what no Moroccan authority ever dreamed of doing—reduce them to the lowest social status.

The seed of resentment thus festered in the Moroccan Jewish immigrants whether or not they submitted to the "indignity" of work on the land. If they did, the resentment was nourished by real or imaginary slights, affronts and hardships. The climate in Israel is much hotter than that of Morocco; there he was a shopkeeper sitting all day in his shady little store, or making the leisurely rounds of his customer-villages, while here he had to work in the merciless sun, clearing fields, or engaging in some other hard work which consumes a man's strength—this is the complaint voiced most often even by those Moroccan immigrants who by all outward indications are making an adjustment on the land. They think back nostalgically to the old days in Morocco, where though poor, they at least enjoyed the one great comfort of the poor and the great ideal of all Mediterranean peoples—leisure.

And what of those who, against the advice and warning of the Israel authorities crowd into the cities where they jam the slum quarters, or refuse to move out of the tin-huts of the *ma'abarot* (transit camps)? Objectively they may not be worse off than they were in Morocco. They no doubt have similar, or even better economic opportunities in unskilled labor, housing, social and health services, unemployment benefits, and other forms of welfare provided by the government of Israel, the Jewish Agency and other public institutions.

If the Moroccan immigrants could objectively compare their situation in Morocco with that in Israel, they would find little reason to complain. But group feelings seldom depend on objective standards of living. Usually the degree of contentment depends primarily on how the group rates in comparison with others about it. In Morocco this comparison resulted in a feeling of satisfaction. They had been a minority, it is true, they had suffered hardships, but they had enjoyed a sense of social superiority. The hardships, mostly political in nature, had been shrugged off with, "Well, what can one expect? We are, after all, in the *Galuth* (Exile)."

Even if the standards of the Moroccan Jews had remained in Israel what they had been in Morocco, they would have appeared low, and their status underprivileged, in comparison with the standards achieved by the older inhabitants or by the European immigrants whose skills enabled them rapidly to attain positions which remained beyond the reach of the average Moroccan Jew. The malcontent Moroccans of Wadi Salib compare their houses, employment opportunities and living standards not with the ones they had in Casablanca but with those of the old residents of Hadar Hacarmel and Har Hacarmel whose white houses in the midst of cool gardens gleam above their heads.

THESE ARE the roots of the discontent which smoldered beneath the surface for several years before it erupted in Wadi Salib. The situation was not made easier by the fact that they were now in Israel, in their own country, and that the privileged and envied class, dwelling in comfortable homes, were Jews like themselves. On the contrary. In Morocco the edge was taken off any painful comparison with the

French élite or with the thin upper crust of native Moroccan Muslim society by the very circumstance that these privileged groups were the rulers of the country in which they, the Jews, were tolerated *dhimmis*, protected people. Israel, however, is the land of the Children of Israel, and all the Children of Israel, whether they come from Europe, Asia or Africa, are or should be equal. This much of the spirit of Israel they absorbed quickly enough. Social inequality in Israel was therefore doubly painful, and the tendency to blame it on discrimination came easily.

Subjectively it is neither important nor relevant that there is no discrimination against the Moroccans on the high policy-making level in the Israel national institutions. It is even not very important whether there are cases of discrimination on the low administrative level. What is important is the deepseated feeling among many Moroccans of being discriminated against. This the government inquiry committee could not fail to notice.

The Moroccan Jews present a special problem because they are the one ethnic group among Middle Eastern Jews whose social status in their home country was the highest compared to that of the native Muslim population. The lot of the Yemenite or Kurdish Jews in Israel, to name two other Middle Eastern groups, is certainly not better than that of the Moroccans. But, prior to their immigration to Israel, the Yemenite or Kurdish Jews had not occupied positions higher than the Yemenis or the Muslims or Nestorian Christian Kurds. The Moroccan Jews, therefore, feel more keenly than any other Middle Eastern Jewish immigrant group that in Israel they suffered a loss of status.

Nevertheless, the insight gained into the problem of the Moroccan Jews as *they themselves* see it, can and should be applied to the entire problem of

Israel's communal differences. Part of the "Moroccan problem," though on a considerably reduced scale vexes all the groups that have been suddenly transplanted from the Middle East. All of them find it hard to adjust to the new and to them strange society, which is modern Israel. All of them suffer from the sudden uselessness of the traditional skills they had cultivated for generations, and because, all at once, they find themselves at the bottom of the socio-economic ladder. All of them are affected by the tensions that inevitably develop when a group lives in close proximity to the other groups whom it regards as privileged, dominant, superior and disdainful.

This is the picture and no one can deny that the solution of the "Moroccan problem" is an extremely difficult task. Israel is small, its resources limited, the export-import deficit high, public funds barely enough to cope with the most immediate needs. Sweeping, large-scale projects requiring great expenditures would be pipe-dreams. The Wadi Salibs of Israel cannot overnight be wiped off the map and their inhabitants magically transplanted to spacious apartments in modern residential quarters; they cannot be quickly supplied with satisfactory, interesting, well-paid jobs; nor can their European neighbors be commandeered to accept them with open arms.

When the problem of mass immigration first hit Israel with full force in 1948-51 the solution proposed was "merging the communities." But notwithstanding all the pressure in this direction the disparate ingredients refused to fuse readily. Tension mounted and small-scale incidents indicated that communal differences cannot be abolished by decree.

In 1952 this policy changed, quietly and without fanfare. Immigrants were thenceforward settled in homogeneous

groups, in so far as this was feasible. With the pressure for rapid fusion off, it was hoped that inter-community tensions would diminish, and a slower but surer pace of integration would ultimately lead to a merging of the communal groups.

AS A RESULT of the Wadi Salib outbreak, the committee entrusted by the Israel Government with the investigation of the riots revived the early "pressure-cooker" policy. Its recommendation was again "to hasten the process of the fusing of all the immigrants from various countries."

This, however, has already proved a failure. What other attempts can be made to solve the "Moroccan problem"? It appears that the problem has two main aspects and each should be approached in a different way.

One is the socio-economic aspect. It is undeniable that the Moroccans (and the other Middle Eastern groups to varying degrees), for reasons beyond their control and the control of the Israel government, are underprivileged as far as education, employment and housing are concerned, in comparison with the European Israelis.

Since Israel is a poor country it cannot afford to provide housing for people who cannot pay for it. The Moroccans, being mostly unskilled, cannot find employment that would provide them with sufficient income to pay for adequate housing. Nor can they adequately provide for their children while they acquire the skills which are the key to better employment, and thus to better housing and better living. This is a vicious circle, and only education can break it. Whatever the cost and sacrifice, Israel must enable Moroccan children to obtain secondary education equal to that of European children. High school education must be made free and compulsory, and

scholarships provided for those children whose parents cannot support them while they attend school. This is more important than achieving immediate improvement in practically any other field. This, and only this, can enable the Moroccan younger generation to become the equals of the other young people in Israel. Once this is achieved, equalization in employment, income, housing and other facets of life will follow gradually but automatically.

However, raising the standards of living of an underprivileged group through education is an arduous and slow process. Even if the educational effort is supplemented by rapid and intensive courses for adults in technical trades, a decade at least will have to pass before there are tangible results. In the meantime the present inequality with its resulting problems and tensions will remain, and the Moroccans will have reason to complain.

There is, however, one immediate measure to be taken pending the ultimate solution of the problem. This measure can help to alleviate the socio-cultural aspect of the Moroccan problem. Apart from economic and other social inequalities the frequently voiced Israel demand for "fusing the communities" creates an unfortunate psychological reaction among the Moroccans and other "Orientals" towards whom it is primarily directed. They feel that to "merge" with the Israelis of European extraction would mean giving up their identity, denying themselves and being like the others; that their old ways, their entire cultural pattern, are looked upon as backward, primitive, inferior; that they are scorned.

How can the Middle Eastern Jews accept cultural integration when they are still often referred to as "Blacks" by many non-Oriental Israelis? Although intermarriages between the

Middle Eastern and the European groups are steadily increasing (in 1959 they reached 12 per cent), the gap between the two is still large enough to be a painful reality for the "Orientals."

It is at this point that something immediate can be done to ease the problem. No government can legislate cultural understanding and integration. But the city of Haifa could, for instance, arrange public gatherings to honor outstanding figures in Moroccan Jewish history such as Rabbi Yitzhak Alfasi, the great medieval codifier of rabbinical law. Such meetings could point up the important role of Moroccan Jewry in Jewish history in general, and call attention to some of the interesting religious and folk traditions that have survived from olden times among Moroccan Jews. On other occasions lectures could be given on Morocco, including pictures of the various *mellahs*. The *Histadrut* could organize group visits to the Haifa Ethnological Museum where attention could be called to the colorful costumes of the Moroccan and other Middle Eastern Jews, their beautiful ceremonial objects, their old illuminated manuscripts and their folk art in general. Traditional Middle Eastern musical groups could be organized, dance performances arranged, and so on...

IN THIS WAY the general Israel public would be made aware of the positive facets of traditional Moroccan Jewish culture. And perhaps still more important, the Moroccan Jews could be shown that the *Yishuv* respects them as the scions of a great branch of the Jewish family-tree. Thus they would be taught respect of their own community and shown the values in their own history. This would provide an important psychological satisfaction which would result in a more positive evaluation of their position in Israel society.

The above suggestions are merely the application to the Israel scene of the American concept of cultural pluralism in the forms in which it still functions in American society. This country, too, used to be regarded as a huge cultural melting pot. Following World War I, the melting pot idea was gradually replaced by the doctrine of cultural pluralism, in keeping with more carefully observed facts as well as with a more advanced understanding of cultural processes. This doctrine recognizes that some cultural differences tend to persist even into the second and third generation, side by side with a considerable degree of assimilation to the overall American culture, and upholds the right of each group to preserve those elements of its traditional culture which it regards as valuable, and the desirability of their doing so.

Were the doctrine of cultural pluralism to replace that of the "merging of the communities" in Israel, this would most probably result in a considerable easing of tensions. The cultural continuity of the immigrant groups would not be disrupted as completely as it is now. The self-confidence and self-respect of the Middle Eastern groups would be increased by the recognition accorded them as the representatives of a sub-culture. Their present ambivalent attitude toward the dominant Western culture of Israel and its carriers would become less baffling and less taxing. The European sector of the population would learn that rapid and total assimilation to European culture is not necessarily the same as raising the cultural level. The inevitable changes which must be introduced into the lives of the Middle Eastern communal groups in order to integrate them into the economy and society of the country could be achieved with the least possible disruption.

DAVID S. ANIN has written extensively on international affairs in American and European periodicals.

The Chain Reaction of Disarmament

By DAVID S. ANIN

IT IS HARD to grasp all the contradictory facets and to assess all the multiple implications of a political world which is apparently undergoing one of the most radical revolutions in recorded history. Indeed, are we not living in an era in which technology, economics and politics are inviting utopian solutions?

War has become "unthinkable" and has been termed "mutual suicide." This new dimension of war has not only gripped the minds of people everywhere, but seems to have produced brusque changes of policy in unexpected quarters.

Russian Communism, which has never concealed its intention of changing the world by any and all means, is now proposing "total and general disarmament." Is Moscow's proposal a utopian gesture, designed primarily to identify it with the cause of humanity's preservation for propaganda purposes?

This proposal is certainly utopian in the light of historical precedent in general, and the Communist record in particular; it is also utopian, given the prevailing atmosphere of strain and mistrust in international relations.

Yet, utopian as it is, this proposal is endowed with attractiveness and strength. Its strength derives not only

from the fact that it is endorsed by what is probably the most powerful military machine and the most militant political movement in the world; it arises also, or rather especially, from the absence of a reasonable alternative. Paradoxical as it may seem, the idea is apparently gaining strength that the staggering problems of our complex world demand and invite radical and simple solutions.

Nikita S. Khrushchev's proposal for total disarmament has to be assessed in the light of Russian Communism's immediate aims as well as its long-range global plans. It would, of course, be foolish to ignore or underrate one as to overstate the other.

We can, for instance, assume that the "jovial" Communist leader and the full-blooded ruling strata he represents, have no intention of committing political suicide vis-a-vis the West. Hence, we can assume that Khrushchev's thinking in this matter is evolving along the following lines:

1. An all-out war is fraught with the danger of mutual and total destruction.
2. A local war could, given the play of existing alliances and the division of the world, be easily transformed into a general war.

3. There is no rational justification for a local or general war since the gains would be problematic and insignificant, while the losses would be enormous and irreparable.
4. Being aimless under these conditions, a further armament race is endangering what Communism has already achieved, and the fulfillment of all further economic, scientific and other plans as well.
5. The losses of the Soviet people in the last war were very great and the Communist leaders cannot disregard the yearnings of their people for peace.
6. Khrushchev and his associates have come to the conclusion that Communist revolutions are virtually impossible in the leading industrial countries, where the capitalist slaves live pretty well.
7. The revolutionary upheavals, which might arise in the uncommitted Afro-Asian world, could get out of control; it may have occurred to the Russian leaders that these potential upheavals have to be chilled and controlled.
8. While the demographic and revolutionary pressure exerted by China can be borne at the present time, it is potentially fraught with the danger of explosions in the future; again, it may have already occurred to the Soviet leaders that this pressure, too, is in need of being frozen and regulated now and not in a distant future when China will possess its own atomic weapons.

All these considerations and speculations, currently making headway in the West, are probably not alien to the Russian Soviet leaders. Yet, it must not be forgotten, that while preoccupied by these worries, the Russian Communist leadership remains dedicated to its mis-

sion—the establishment of a Communist world order.

Khrushchev's stereotypes of the capitalist slaves and the inevitability of Communist revolutions in the West may very well have undergone significant modification. Yet, his belief in Communism as the most rational system, one which will ultimately be adopted throughout the world, remains intact.

Communist strength lies, in the fusion of inflexible devotion to a global, long-term vision and the capacity to pursue it through a wide range of short-term maneuvers. The harsh world of reality sometimes compels Communist Russia to take steps that seem, at first glance, to violate the blueprint. Yet, initiating these steps, the Communist leaders attempt to foresee those effects and consequences which will favor, not impede, the advance to the final goal.

We can argue that "coexistence" and "total disarmament" are retreats or deviations from the Communist catechism. But from their point of view, they may very well consider these apparent deviations as a desired way out of a blind alley in which Communism is temporarily caught.

THIS ARTICLE is trying to suggest, first, that co-existence, peaceful competition and total disarmament—all the political commodities Khrushchev is currently attempting to sell to the West—are meant by the Communist leader seriously; second, that it is precisely through the implementation of these proposals that Khrushchev hopes to advance and finally achieve his global aim: the establishment of a world Communist system.

Let us, first, dismiss the argument that Khrushchev's disarmament proposal pursues sheer propagandistic purposes. Let us assume that in this particular case the Soviet leader intended

to perform an act of genuine statesmanship or, to use a favorite Communist expression, an act of historical significance.

Given these assumptions, Khrushchev would foresee that the West—despite its uncertain position with respect to disarmament—would never accede to a disarmament restricted to nuclear weapons or to partial disarmament in all types of weapons.

Indeed, no responsible American or British government could deprive itself of its unique deterrent and retaliatory force. A disarmament limited merely to nuclear weapons would upset the shaky "balance of terror"; it would also give pre-eminence to conventional arms—precisely the kind of defense in which the Communist bloc is overwhelmingly superior and the West desperately inferior.

There do not exist, either in Europe or in Asia, non-Communist armies which could withstand the combined assault of the Russian-Chinese bloc. Furthermore, the political atmosphere is hardly suitable now for a new massive build-up—lately suggested by former Ambassador George Kennan—of a conventional defense force adequate to the task. The sense of urgency that inspired the creation of NATO is lacking and the West hardly possesses the required means.

Limited disarmament, nuclear or conventional, entails limited control. There can be no "cheat-proof," "iron-clad" or unlimited control if the object of this control is limited. Yet, because of the fundamental difference in nature between the "open" Western societies and the "closed" Communist societies, a limited control would be equivalent for the West to almost total and fool-proof control, while for the Communist bloc it would be equivalent to almost no control at all.

Indeed, an "open" society—with a free press and a Communist or pro-Communist opposition in its midst, where defense appropriations are discussed publicly, where the press constantly carries news about defense plants that are producing, assembling and testing weapons—can hardly evade honoring an agreement on partial disarmament.

The reverse is true with respect to a "closed" Communist society, of course. There, public debates on defense appropriations are absent; the figures listed in the budget can be arbitrarily manipulated, since the budget itself is prepared by party and state functionaries; and only the high command of the party checks the budget to see that its orders have been faithfully executed.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in Russia huge allocations for military research figure in other budgets, such as higher education, heavy industry, etc.

Thus, the handicaps which a limited disarmament and control would entail for the West are obvious. While Communist Russia would profit from a kind of "interior complicity" revealed in the open structure of the opposite camp, the West would have to rely solely on inspection teams limited in scope and prerogative. These inspection teams would have to operate in a country with enormous areas lacking in adequate roads and highways, sometimes even without accessible paths. In such a country there are countless ways of hiding and shifting military objects and installations—weapons and factories—which limited inspection teams would be unable to detect.

It is by no means excluded that in offering "total and general disarmament" Khrushchev, as we assumed above, anticipated the futility and inoperability of limited disarmament.

Such a proposal could not be defended if and when the disarmament debate passed from the stage of generalities to serious talks.

COEXISTENCE, peaceful competition and total disarmament are admittedly, in Khrushchev's mind, linked together and represent one indissoluble whole. Indeed, he said it explicitly: there can be no secure coexistence and genuine peaceful competition without disarmament.

Yet, what Khrushchev did not say explicitly, but was clearly implicit in some of his widely publicized utterances, is that disarmament in general, and total disarmament in particular, would set up a kind of chain reaction. In other words, that one particular step, however limited, would require and call forth the next step until the basic foundations of a Communist blue-printed world were finally established.

Indeed, as soon as the discussions on total disarmament take concrete shape, and assuming the Communist and Western powers agree on the most far-reaching and fool-proof control, they will stumble against the first insurmountable obstacle, namely, Communist China and the other Communist Asiatic countries not recognized by the West.

Who can guarantee that the Russians and their Warsaw bloc allies will faithfully fulfill the terms of a disarmament agreement? What is to prevent them from playing a double game? On the one hand, destroying weapons and converting military factories to peaceful uses under the watchful eyes of the inspection teams. And on the other, setting up other factories and producing new weapons in the boundless territories of China, Outer Mongolia, Vietnam or North Korea—countries which could not be subjected to control since they have no diplomatic

or other relations with the West.

Because of this intolerable situation, a paradoxical reversal in Western policy could take place. The West would press for solutions which are at present advocated by the Communist camp. To close the Eastern escape-hatch and insure effective implementation of the agreement, the West would be compelled to call for the inclusion of the above-mentioned countries in the pact. But before step B comes step A. They would have to be recognized diplomatically, admitted to all international bodies and treated as full-fledged independent countries.

These prospects may be unpleasing, but they are the inescapable premises to effective disarmament. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union can afford to disarm, partially or totally, so long as China—with its huge demographical, industrial and military potentialities—remains armed.

It has been said repeatedly by many a commentator on the drama of history that the armaments race is the effect rather than the cause of world tensions and war. The obvious corollary is that disarmament—any disarmament—must be preceded by settlement of the major political and other problems now outstanding.

What we have in mind are not only the current unsettled divisions and conflicts, such as, West Berlin and Germany, Israel and the Arab countries, Nationalist and Communist China, as well as other divided countries like Indochina and Korea. In the offing looms something more.

Are we not on the verge of a population explosion which could overwhelm both the West and the Soviet Union, the latter being particularly vulnerable since she is an Euro-Asiatic country and is comparatively underpopulated in the far reaches of her Asiatic borders?

ACCORDING TO a recent study made by the Office of Population Research of Princeton University, it has been established that, if current trends continue, India's present population of 400 million will approximately double by 1986, and that the mainland Chinese could increase almost to a billion by the year 2000.

To tame this "population bomb" would, of course, be one of the primary concerns of a disarmed world. It could be foreseen that to successfully tackle this and similar problems close political and economic collaboration between the West and the Soviet bloc would be required. Such collaboration could eventually lead to a partial pooling of economic resources and production; and ultimately, to the setting-up of a kind of a centralized world political authority.

It has to be added that, utopian as they seem, these trends are implicit in the technical implementation of disarmament. Practical attempts to implement the disarmament schedule would, at the very outset, reveal that all the currently proposed inspection machinery is unable to insure scrupulous adherence to the program.

Disarmament means mutual military neutralization. It can only be achieved when the guaranty of execution is incorporated in the control-machinery itself. Security considerations, therefore, would lead to direct mutual control of the basic industries with the same implacable logic as the taming of the population explosion would lead to the pooling of economic resources under a centralized world authority.

Thus, Khrushchev's "utopian nonsense," his proposal on "complete and general disarmament" probably contains much more fantastic and "utopian" stuff than is commonly supposed. Faced with the impasse of an atomic stalemate, the uncontrollable impact of

Chinese revolutionary dynamism and an evolution of the capitalist world that has not conformed to the Marxist-Leninist prediction of crisis and collapse, it is probably safe to assume that Khrushchev is building Communist strategy on the effects of a chain reaction of total disarmament.

If disarmament really were to materialize, he could visualize a world where the basic prerequisites of Socialism—disarmament, a controlled, integrated and interdependent economy and a coordinated central authority—could be attained.

What is probably at stake in Khrushchev's proposal is the reorganization of the present competitive and divided world into one that is militarily neutralized and economically integrated; where there would supposedly be room for "different roads to Socialism." Contemporary Communism tolerates in its midst the "Polish Road," with its independent farmers, Catholic schools and an appreciable portion of personal freedom. Alongside of this there exists the bloody, Stalinist-type in China.

There could be, in Khrushchev's mind, room for an American or British "road to Socialism," where there could continue to exist (at least temporarily) private ownership, parliamentarianism and a multi-party system. It could be, that in the "Marxist" mind of a Bolshevik leader, the political "superstructure" of a regime (militarily neutralized and deprived of the means of defense) is a secondary matter, provided the basic economic and international prerequisites of a world along Socialist lines are attained.

YET, THERE IS, of course, the reverse side of the coin. Despite the avowed self-confidence, the generally outspoken Soviet leader is aware that the great vistas implicit in the chain reaction of total disarmament could be jeopardized

by a "dialectical" change in the Communist regimes themselves.

Better than anybody else he is aware that, in spite of its spectacular economic and scientific achievements, the Soviet regime is still internally unstable. While there are no visible signs of an internal popular opposition, pressures from below manifest themselves in the concealed—and sometimes open—conflicts in the ruling circles of the Communist Party itself.

Was not he himself one of the chief participants (and beneficiary) of these struggles during the last few years, and has not the consolidation of his rule been rather an historical accident, depending upon the shifting weight of certain imponderables whose specific gravity was unpredictable by the "Marxist" or any other political theory?

Communist Russia remains in a state of transition fraught with the danger of political explosion, especially in case of impending changes of leadership. The Soviet experience has shown that "collective leadership" is either an unworkable and shortlived experiment or a euphemism for disguised personal leadership, and that a change in leadership (such as was brought about by Lenin's or Stalin's death) has always been followed by a deep internal crisis.

However, the "contradictions" which confront Khrushchev are on a different plane than those which prevailed during Stalin's barbarous struggle to industrialize the country at the expense of the Soviet people. On the one hand we have the world-wide ambitions of the dictatorship, demanding a continuously increasing economic, scientific and military potential, and consequently an ever increasing layer of technocrats and administrators.

On the other hand, it is this always increasing, socially differentiated bureaucracy which could, in the quest of a "freer and better life," present a

counter-weight and competitor to the ruling group around Khrushchev. Linked closely to this middle bureaucracy is the problem of a technically-minded youth, grown up in a comparatively affluent society, prone to softening effects, less attracted to an inflexible dogma, and, thus, less dedicated to the "final aims" of their elders who are now in command.

It could occur to Khrushchev and his associates that the widely publicized "internal contradictions" supposedly inherent in capitalism are less visible than the tensions which tear at the vitals of their own "classless" society.

And yet, though the consequences of too great a relaxation of world tensions remain a "present danger" to Khrushchev's domestic rule, he has made the great leap forward in proposing "general and complete" disarmament. We can therefore assume that, while trying to pursue stubbornly the Communist final goal, Khrushchev will also, in order to safeguard his rule from any "backsliding of Communism to the position of its opponent," practice many a turning aside and turning back in the implementation of his proposal.

Pursuing revolutionary goals, Khrushchev has boldly seized upon and is exploiting the hopes of a world yearning for a way out of the atomic impasse. This "flexibility" of the Russian dictator should give the West pause for thought. Clearly, we are dealing with an opponent to whom we cannot apply old judgements and fixed standards. It is perhaps appropriate to recall De Tocqueville's dictum on the Jacobins, who were in many respects the Bolsheviks of the French Revolution. Said De Tocqueville, "It is a common error of the people who are called wise and practical in ordinary times to judge by fixed standards those men whose very object it is to destroy these standards."

HARRY STONE is Assistant Professor of English at Northwestern University. This essay is based on an article which appeared in *Victorian Studies*.

From Fagin to Riah: Jews and the Victorian Novel

By HARRY STONE

"I KNOW," wrote Dickens in 1854, "of no reason the Jews can have for regarding me as 'inimical' to them." It may seem curious that Dickens could find no reason for such feelings, for even today, with his later atonement on record, most well-read persons thinking of Dickens and Jews can remember only the repulsive Fagin. Fagin's name, like Shylock's, has become a synonym for meanness and depravity, and Dickens' and Shakespeare's villainous Jews are the best-known Jewish characters in English literature. And yet, one can understand Dickens protesting his bewilderment at charges of anti-Semitism, for his attitude toward Jews changed greatly between *Oliver Twist* (1837-39) and *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-65). What that attitude was originally, and what it grew to be is worth tracing, for Dickens' drift from careless prejudice to at least an intellectual understanding is both a significant personal achievement and a revealing symptom of the evolving patterns of Victorian culture. By describing Dickens' progression in some detail we can observe the shifting values and techniques of a great and influential artist, and we can establish a frame of reference for viewing the writings of other Victorian

novelists—the writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot, for example.

Oliver Twist grew out of an era and a literary tradition which was predominantly anti-Semitic. Laws, parliamentary debates, newspapers, magazines, songs, and plays, as well as novels, reflect this fact. In 1830 a Jew could not open a shop within the city of London, be called to the Bar, receive a university degree, or sit in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel, who a few years later championed the Jewish cause, was still in 1830 opposing Jewish emancipation on the strange grounds that the restricted Jew was not like his free compatriots. "The Jew," said Sir Robert, speaking against the removal of Jewish disabilities, "is not a degraded subject of the state; he is rather regarded in the light of an alien—he is excluded because he will not amalgamate with us in any of his usages or habits—he is regarded as a foreigner. In the history of the Jews... we find enough to account for the prejudice which exists against them." That prejudice was accentuated by the occupations Jews were compelled to enter by English law and custom. In 1830 the majority of England's twenty to thirty thousand Jews earned their living through buying and

selling old clothes, peddling, and money-lending. Portraits in fiction of Jewish clothesdealers staggering under huge bags of rags, bearded peddlers haggling with country housewives, and miserly usurers gloating over their secret treasures were given reality not only by a long literary tradition but by the intermittent evidence of the London streets. And the exotic evil which the average Londoner of that day felt sure lay hidden in bag or beard or counting-house was occasionally confirmed by sensational newspaper reports. In the summer of 1830 the respectable citizenry of London were being diverted by the trial of one Isaac (Ikey) Solomons, a Jewish fence who, like Fagin, dealt in stolen jewelry, clothing, and fabrics. Ikey Solomons, although acquitted on all charges of burglary and theft, was finally convicted of possessing stolen goods and sentenced to seven years' transportation. His case was so notorious that a play of the period entitled *Van Diemen's Land* was rechristened *Ikey Solomons*, and one of its minor characters, Barney Fence, a stereotyped stage-Jew, was transformed into Ikey himself.

Such a transformation reflected the milieu. The early Victorian Londoner, for instance, could have his suspicions about Jews intensified by the humorous *Punch* as well as the sober *Times*. *Punch*, when founded in 1841, was a liberal journal which usually espoused humanitarian reforms. Yet it was anti-Jewish during most of the period. It opposed Jewish emancipation, drew cartoons of bloated and bejeweled Jews, made jokes at the expense of Disraeli's Jewish origins, and poked fun at Jewish occupations. Leech, in a representative cartoon, drew a picture of the House of Commons populated by a grossly caricatured array of pudgy, thick-lipped, dusky-chinned Jews. *Punch's* attitude was predictable, for

in spite of its radical leanings, many members of its staff—G. A. à Beckett, Leech, Thackeray, Jerrold, and Brooks (all friends of Dickens)—had exhibited in varying degrees the pandemic anti-Semitism of the period.

VICTORIAN street literature reflected that anti-Semitism as faithfully as Parliament and *Punch*. Songs about Jews were popular in early nineteenth-century England, and the typical contemporary "Jew's Song" was loaded with slander. The bright young man who was good at singing comic songs (as Dickens was), needed only to polish his accent and then learn a ballad such as "The Jew in Grain; or, The Doctrine of an Israelite," which, according to instructions, was "To be sung in High German Dialect":

I once was but a pedler, and my shop
was in my box,

So sure as I'm a smouch [Jew,
thief], and my name is Mor-
decai;

And I cheated all the world, in spite
of whipping-posts or stocks,

For I never sticks for trifles when
dere's monies in the way.

I had good gold rings of copper gilt,
and so I got my bread,

With sealing-wax of brick-dust, and
pencils without lead.

In my pick-pack, nick-nack,
shimcrack, tick-tack, tink lum
tee,

And de shining chink to clink
is de moosick still for me.

Mordecai continues by telling how he picks pockets, steals clothes, and extracts fees; and then he justifies bribery, faithlessness, and mammonism. But even in the first stanza he presents himself as a thief, cheat, and money-grubber. These attributes were the usual badge of the Jew as he appeared in the literature, drama, and popular consciousness of the period. The typ-

ical Jew (on the stage, for example) had changed little since Marlowe's Barabas and Shakespeare's Shylock. He was a rapacious moneylender, or perhaps later, a thieving peddler or old-clothes dealer. By the late eighteenth century he usually shuffled about the stage in black gabardine and a broad-brimmed hat, poked his red hair, red whiskers, and hooked nose into the faces of those with whom he haggled, and spoke in thick outlandish accents. The best-known dramatists of the preceding age—Cibber, Foote, Fielding, Garrick, and Sheridan—whose plays still dominated the boards in Dickens' youth, had all created Jews who were mean and wicked. And later nondramatic writers—Lamb, Cobbett, and Hewlett, for example—continued the tradition.

In his early writings, Dickens reflects the dominant anti-Semitism of his time. Although (with the exception of *Oliver Twist*) there are no extended Jewish portraits in his early works, his apprenticeship writings contain many revealing allusions, comments, and descriptions. The Jew who emerges from these references engages in standard "Jewish" occupations, possesses the stage-Jew's physical characteristics, and exhibits supposedly "Jewish" mannerisms. The Jews in *Sketches by Boz* (1833-37) are old-clothes dealers, costume suppliers, sheriff's officers, sponging-house proprietors, and the like. One meets in *Sketches by Boz* "red-headed and red-whiskered Jews who forcibly haul you into their squalid houses, and thrust you into a suit of clothes, whether you will or not," and Dickens adds he detests such Jews. The Jews in *Pickwick* (1836-38) are also costume brokers, sheriff's officers, peddlers, and old-clothes dealers. "He's richer than any Jew," says Quilp in the *Old Curiosity Shop* (1840-41); and in *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), when Gashford thinks

of Jews, he thinks of money and beards. In *Dombey and Son* (1846-48), Dickens introduces a Jew of "Mosaic Arabian cast of countenance," who is vulgar and insolent and who inquires with materialistic effrontery "what the figure of them crimson and gold hangings might have been, when new bought."

Dickens does not like these men, and he despises their occupations and methods. He usually takes a similar attitude toward any Jewish entrepreneur. He scorns the aggressive Jewish second-hand clothes salesmen, and he condescends to the Jewish costume brokers. His feelings never flare into active hatred; they smolder fitfully in a vague hostility. "Bills," says Mr. Micawber (*David Copperfield*, 1849-50), are "a convenience to the mercantile world, for which, I believe, we are originally indebted to the Jews." And then Micawber adds that Jews "appear to me to have had a devilish deal too much to do with them ever since."

DICKENS' FEELINGS about the Jews are underlined by his other activities of the 1830's, 40's, and 50's. In *The Life of Our Lord* (1846-49), written for the private use of his children, he avoids active anti-Semitism, but is unguarded, and at times inflammatory, in belaboring the Jews as the murderers of Jesus. Similarly, as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* (1837-39), he seems to have been unconcerned by the malicious nature of articles he published on Jewish subjects. "Bonomye the Usurer," for example, is the tale of a heartless medieval Jewish moneylender who finally sells himself to the devil. Bonomye's face, which reveals the "strongly-marked features of his race," wears a "sinister expression," an expression which coincides with his rapacious actions. Bonomye is a character calculated to incite prejudice and hatred. Another story, "The Professor

of Toledo," is even more savage. It too is set in the Middle Ages, it too contains a repellent Jewish moneylender, and it concludes with a massacre of fifty Jews at a cathedral altar. The massacre has a Gothic aftermath:

No sooner, however, were the last gasp for breath and the last death-rattle heard in their throats, than the unnatural obscurity which had overspread the place on their entrance, vanished; the whole sacred edifice glittered with the brightness of lightning, and a heavenly choir was heard singing. The supernal strains as they died away were succeeded by the howlings and barking of bloodhounds, who (either attracted by the carnal smell of Jewish blood, or perhaps miraculously sent by the saint presiding over the cathedral of Toledo) yelped into the church, and made a gory banquet of the remains of the unfortunate unbelievers.

The immoderate tone of the story suggests it may have been intended as a satire on Roman Catholic doctrine, morality, and miracles. But the attitude of the author is not sufficiently clear, and the tale, since it can be read as an anti-Catholic or anti-Semitic parable or both, must have been offensive to many readers.

Such insensitivity upon Dickens' part suggests prejudice, a suggestion which is reinforced by his letters. "No news as yet," he wrote in 1837, "from the 'infernal, rich, plundering, thundering old Jew' ". Dickens applied the epithet (borrowed from *Oliver Twist*) to the publisher Richard Bentley, a Gentile. But the phrase accurately represents the distasteful associations which "Jew" called up in his mind. Six years later, commenting to Thomas Hood on Colburn, another Christian publisher, he summoned up similar associations. "There can be no doubt," he wrote, "that he took a money-lending, bill-

broking, Jew clothes-bagging, Saturday-night pawnbroking advantage of your temporary situation." Dickens seems to have regarded most Jews as sly, grasping, vulgar, and picturesque; and he exhibited a fastidiousness in his relations with them which reflected their equivocal status in contemporary Victorian society.

Oliver Twist, then, was the work of an author who accepted and reflected the anti-Semitism of his milieu. Yet *Oliver Twist* is not as anti-Semitic as one might expect; Fagin is less a premeditated attack upon the Jews than a convenient villain drawn to an ancient pattern. He exhibits, for instance, a number of stereotyped stage-Jew characteristics: red hair and whiskers, hooked nose, shuffling gait, and long gabardine coat and broadbrimmed hat. Furthermore, he is a dealer in second-hand clothes and trinkets, the Jewish occupation par excellence. And Dickens makes him, in accordance with the traditional recipe, frightening and repellent. When the reader first meets him he is described as "a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villainous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair"; and his actions in the book and his miserable end fulfill his menacing introduction. But Fagin is strangely lacking in other traits of the literary Jew. He has no lisp, dialect, or nasal intonation (although Barney, a minor confederate of Fagin, described as "another Jew: younger than Fagin, but nearly as vile and repulsive in appearance," talks with a perpetual cold in his head, saying "Dot a shoul" for "Not a soul," and so forth). And Fagin goes through no act, ritual, or pattern which identifies him as a Jew. Aside from his conventionalized physical traits and old-clothes dealings, his main claim to Jewishness is the fact that Dickens constantly labels him "the Jew." It seems

fair to assume that Fagin was a Jew because for Dickens and his readers he made a picturesque and believable villain.

But that Dickens could create Fagin is a reflection of his indifference to the implications of his portrait. And this is true even though he attempted here and there to underline the distinction between Fagin the individual and Fagin the Jew. In Fagin's first appearance he is portrayed toasting a sausage—an act which immediately brands him a renegade Jew. And in the condemned cell, in one of the reader's final glimpses of him, Dickens again contrasts him with the Jews as a whole. "Venerable men of his own persuasion," he writes, "had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off." It seems strange that Dickens could believe these touches would offset the implications of the remainder of his portrait, but his attitude toward the Jews was negligent at best, and he probably gave little thought to Fagin's anti-Semitic ramifications.

YET THE TIMES were changing, and Dickens was changing with them. The years 1830 to 1860 witnessed a steady rise in the status of English Jewry. Legal barriers were swept away, commercial restrictions removed, and social antagonisms lessened. Jews held offices in local and national government, became connected through marriage with prominent families, took part increasingly in the social and artistic affairs of the country, and grew in power and numbers. The most dramatic token of their rising status occurred on 26 July 1858 when, after years of struggle, Baron Lionel Rothschild was allowed to use a modified oath and take his seat in Parliament. This symbolic event correctly mirrored

the mood of the nation, for although anti-Semitism was still common and even fashionable, it was confined more and more to emotional and personal channels; the Jew's right to exercise the prerogatives of a British subject was increasingly admitted.

The growth of toleration was accompanied by noteworthy intellectual conversions. During the 1830's, 40's, and 50's many individuals modified their traditional views; some publicly recanted their earlier beliefs. Sir Robert Peel, for example, who had opposed Jewish emancipation in 1830, was urging Parliament in 1848 to liberate the Jews. "The Jew," he exclaimed, in a startling reversal of his earlier position, "is a subject natural-born; and I contend that he has a right, as such, to be qualified for all civil trusts—that he has a 'capacity or ability to all benefits whatever,' unless you show a reason to the contrary—a reason not founded upon mere religious error, but upon some good cause for political disqualification."

Sir Robert's new position was only one sign of the changing atmosphere. *Punch* was also growing more sympathetic. It could still in the 1860's lash out at the Jews, but such outbursts were decreasing, and by the end of the century it had become (although less so than many other English periodicals), friendly to the Jews. Even the popular "Jew's Song" had begun to change. From out-and-out anti-Semitism it had shifted to humor and finally to pleas for tolerance. A song such as "Sure I am a Hebrew Man" had a new humanitarian purpose:

If ven valking through the street
Some poor creature meets my eye,
Who, naked, cold, and hungry,
Implores my charity;
I never tinks to ask
His religion or his name;
No; he's a brother and in want,

Sure that's sufficient claim
 Upon my purse to help his need,
 And save him from distress.
 Whilst I do this I shall succeed,
 And Providence me bless.
 Den let the world still flout,
 And call me heathen Jew,
 Whilst I know I'm acting right,
 I mind not what they do.

The literary trend to a sympathetic treatment of the Jew had begun toward the end of the eighteenth century. In dramatic literature, Richard Cumberland in *The Jew* (1794) had created Shiva, the kind-hearted prototype of a new breed of stage-Jews. Four years later Thomas Dibdin in *The Jew and the Doctor* depicted another good Jew, Abednego. The latter play is especially interesting, for Dickens read it many times as a child, reread it as a man, considered using it as an afterpiece for one of his amateur productions, and finally reproduced some of its lineaments in *Our Mutual Friend*. Abednego, a supposedly mercenary Jew, with mixed but largely altruistic motives, rears a young Christian foundling and gives her his love. His loyalty and attachment to his adopted daughter never waver, and the humor of the farce revolves not about the Jew, but about a comedy-of-manners subplot and the discovery of the girl's parentage. Nevertheless, Abednego is a curious heap of contradictions, and he betrays his transitional position between the old stereotyped stage-Jew and the sympathetic literary Jew of the future. Abednego speaks in a stage-Jew dialect, places constant emphasis on money, and hungers for a profit. But he demonstrates throughout that he is really a good man, and the play is an obvious plea for tolerance. Abednego's final speech sums up Dibdin's point of view: "I'll tell you how to *pay* me. If ever you see a helpless creature what needs your assistance, give it for my sake:—And if

de object should even not be a Christian, remember that humanity knows no difference of opinion; and that you can never make your own religion look so well, as when you shew mercy to de religion of others."

The descendants of Shiva and Abednego soon began to turn up in the novel. The most famous of these descendants appeared in *Ivanhoe* (1819) in the persons of Isaac of York and his daughter Rebecca. But Isaac and Rebecca, as we shall see, were only forerunners of what was to come, for almost every Victorian novelist of note made use of Jewish personae. Disraeli introduced exotically glorified Jewish figures in *Alroy* (1833), *Coningsby* (1844), and *Tancred* (1847); George Eliot revealed her sympathy and aspirations for the Jews in *Daniel Deronda* (1876); and Zangwill wrote full-scale novels of Jewish life before the era closed. Meanwhile, throughout the nineteenth century, other well-known figures—Hazlitt, Macaulay, Huskisson, Lord Holland, Basil Montagu, and Milman, for example—raised their voices to defend or champion the Jews.

BY THE 1850's Dickens begins to reflect this shift in mood. From 1850 on he edited (or "conducted," as he liked to term it) two popular weekly periodicals. These journals, *Household Words* (1850-59) and *All the Year Round* (1859-70), were partly owned by him and were under his absolute editorial control. All contributions appeared without by-line, but the phrase "Conducted by Charles Dickens" was imprinted on the top of every page, and Dickens publicly avowed that the contents of each issue reflected his views and met with his approval. The articles and stories of Jewish interest which appeared in these periodicals through 1864 continue to show traces of anti-Semitism, but there is nothing to com-

pare with the virulence of the anti-Semitic stories in *Bentley's Miscellany*. The articles usually fall into one of two categories: those which are factual or neutral, and those which show flickers of hostility. "The Young Jew of Tunis," "The Jews in China," and "Jews in Rome" fit into the former category. The works in the latter category, while never inflammatory, perpetuate antagonistic Jewish stereotypes or display flashes of malice. In "Passing Faces," the author, taking a walk through London, describes the Jew as possessing a "clever, sensual, crafty countenance, which contains the epitome of the whole Hebrew history; with their jewellery and flashy dress." "Oily" Jews appear in an article entitled "A Trial of Jewry," an article which goes on to describe the dirty ways, thieving tendencies, and lisping accents of the Jews. The anti-Semitism of such pieces is peripheral; the pejorative allusions are usually embedded in a context which is free from prejudicial intent. Such references reflect social and imaginative inertia, not active hatred.

Yet even this peripheral anti-Semitism diminished. After 1864 Dickens apparently tried to avoid Jewish references which might give offense. Only rarely did he depart from this policy. One exception occurred in an article entitled "Crédit Mobilier in Discredit" which appeared in *All the Year Round* on 27 June 1868. "Crédit Mobilier" is an attack upon the financial manipulations of a giant French holding company controlled by Jews, and more generally, a plea to make the directors of such companies personally responsible for their organizations' debts. But the article goes out of its way to dwell disparagingly upon "Israelite houses" and their Jewish directors, and since the onslaught neither advances the reader's understanding of the Crédit Mobilier's collapse nor contributes to

his desire for reform, its primary effect is to connect financial scandals with Jews. This attack is probably a reflection of topical feeling. The serious financial crash of the late 1860's was attributed in many quarters to Jewish speculators, and Dickens, who always mistrusted financial juggling, and often associated monetary transactions with Jews, may have succumbed momentarily to the popular resentment.

But "Crédit Mobilier" is the exception. The typical article of Jewish content which appeared in *All the Year Round* after 1864 was deliberately designed to avoid offense. That this is so may be seen in articles dealing with Jewish moneylenders, a subject traditionally used to incite anti-Semitism. In late issues of *All the Year Round* the portraits of such moneylenders are carefully neutralized. "How I Discounted My Bill," for example, contains two Jewish moneylenders. The first, who is unable to advance the author a loan, is treated matter-of-factly. The second, a German Jew named Steinmetz, is depicted with venom. But the author insists that Steinmetz is not really a Jew. Steinmetz makes no attempt to keep the Jewish Sabbath; his real God, says the author, is mammon.

The gradual moderation in attitude toward the Jews which can be discerned in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* is duplicated in Dickens' own writings. His works of the 1850's and early 1860's continue to display occasional antagonism, but there are no full-scale Fagin-like portraits and there are fewer slurring references. Jews still appear as repellent moneylenders, old-clothes dealers, and peddlers, but such appearances are fleeting and tangential. Dickens' attitudes emerge most clearly in the things he associates with Jews: "horse-flesh, blind-hookey, Hebrew monetary transactions, and the Insolvent Debtors Court." Elsewhere he

equates the "whole tribe of Moses (and Sons)" with those who coin feelings into money; or he has a dealer in old clothes lisp his willingness to buy and sell grandmothers if he can make a profit thereby. In instances such as the last, the predominant impression is humor, not anti-Semitism. And this amalgam of humor and disapproval usually replaces the more unalloyed prejudice of his earlier passing references. In *Great Expectations* (1860-61), for instance, he depicts a Jew who believes money can buy anything, and who attempts to suborn Jaggers with monetary blandishments. The portrait grows out of an old canard—Jews measure all things by money—but Dickens, through humor, softens the astringency of his attack:

No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers' coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man?" said Mr. Jaggers, in the most devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth?"

"Who's he?" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thuthpition of plate."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white, 'don't thay you're again Habraham Latharuth!"

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My hown cuthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethenth minute to hoffer him hany termth. Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of

a moment! If you'd have the con-dethenthun to be bought off from t'other thide—at any thuperior prithel—money no object!—Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot.

In spite of an occasional vignette such as this, during the 1850's and early 1860's Dickens' attitude toward the Jews had become more thoughtful. His view during this period wavered between his belief that Jews should be accorded religious and civil freedom and Christian sympathy, and his residue of prejudice and negative associations. His ambivalent feelings toward the Jews were well represented in *Little Dorrit* (1855-57) by the remarks he had poor, confused Flora Finching speak: "I dare say if the truth was known and if you don't like either cold fowl or hot boiled ham which many people don't I dare say besides Jews and theirs are scruples of conscience which we must all respect though I must say I wish they had them equally strong when they sell us false articles for real that certainly ain't worth the money I shall be quite vexed," said Flora."

This ambivalence is given emphasis by *A Child's History of England* (1851-53). For although Dickens continued in the 1850's and early 1860's to make pejorative references to the Jews, he was ready by 1851 in *A Child's History* to help mobilize public sympathy behind them. The tone of his remarks demonstrates that he was perfectly sincere in this effort:

To dismiss [he wrote in summation] this sad subject of the Jews for the present, I am sorry to add that in this reign [Edward I] they were most unmercifully pillaged. They were hanged in great numbers, on accusations of having clipped the

King's coin—which all kinds of people had done. They were heavily taxed; they were disgracefully badged; they were, on one day, thirteen years after the coronation, taken up with their wives and children and thrown into beastly prisons, until they purchased their release by paying to the King twelve thousand pounds. Finally, every kind of property belonging to them was seized by the King, except so little as would defray the charge of their taking themselves away into foreign countries. Many years elapsed before the hope of gain induced any of their race to return to England, where they had been treated so heartlessly and had suffered so much.

IF DICKENS' conflicting attitudes on the subject of Jews were often illogical and mutually exclusive, they were none the less earnest. But in the years 1860-64, a series of chance events helped bring his feelings into closer agreement with his theoretical beliefs. The first event in the series was the sale by Dickens in 1860 of Tavistock House, his London residence for the preceding nine years. Shortly after he put the house up for sale, a Jewish banker, James P. Davis, and his wife, Eliza, entered into negotiations to buy it. Dickens was reserved and correct in his dealings with the Davises, but in letters to his friend Thomas Mitton, he referred to them condescendingly. "Unless there should be any hitch," he wrote, "(which I don't expect) the purchaser of Tavistock House will be a Jew Money-Lender. An odd change in the occupation!" Three days later he wrote suspiciously: "If the Jew Money-Lender buys (I say 'if,' because of course I shall never believe in him until he has paid the money), I purpose living here [at Gad's Hill] during seven months of the year." But in an-

other two days the purchase was consummated, and Dickens was writing in a far different vein. "Tavistock House," he confided to his subeditor, W. H. Wills, "is cleared to-day, and possession delivered up to the new tenant. I must say that in all things the purchaser has behaved thoroughly well, and that I cannot call to mind any occasion when I have had money-dealings with any one that have been so satisfactory, considerate, and trusting." The "Jew Money-Lender" whom Dickens had decided, as a matter "of course," not to believe, had turned out to be honest and a gentleman. The incident apparently brought home to Dickens the irrationality of some of his feelings about Jews; at any rate, it helped, along with the changing times, to move him more swiftly in the direction of active sympathy for them.

But in 1860 Dickens had still not given much attention to the position of the Jews in contemporary English society, and he was certainly not ready to admit that his own writings might have lowered that position. Three years later though, the same Mrs. Davis who had bought Tavistock House forced him to reevaluate what he had written about Jews and helped him to formulate what he would yet write. On 22 June 1863, she asked if he would be willing to contribute to the Lady Montefiore Memorial, a fund to endow a convalescent home for the Jewish poor. She did not, however, limit her remarks to the Memorial. "It has been said," she wrote, "that Charles Dickens the large hearted, whose works plead so eloquently and so nobly for the oppressed of his country... has encouraged a vile prejudice against the despised Hebrew." She then went on to make the charge more explicit and to offer a suggestion: "Fagin I fear admits only of one interpretation; but (while) [*sic*] Charles Dickens lives the

author can justify himself or atone for a great wrong." Nine years earlier Dickens had replied briefly to an accusation of anti-Semitism. Now a similar charge coming from a woman he knew and respected prompted him to defend his position in detail. In reply to Mrs. Davis, he wrote in part:

I must take leave to say, that if there be any general feeling on the part of the intelligent Jewish people, that I have done them what you describe as "a great wrong," they are a far less sensible, a far less just, and a far less good-tempered people than I have always supposed them to be. Fagin, in *Oliver Twist*, is a Jew, because it unfortunately was true of the time to which that story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably was a Jew. But surely no sensible man or woman of your persuasion can fail to observe—firstly, that all the rest of the wicked *dramatis personae* are Christians [Dickens had forgotten the "vile and repulsive" Barney]; and secondly, that he is called a "Jew," not because of his religion, but because of his race. If I were to write a story, in which I described a Frenchman or a Spaniard as "the Roman Catholic," I should do a very indecent and unjustifiable thing; but I make mention of Fagin as the Jew, because he is one of the Jewish people, and because it conveys that kind of idea of him which I should give my readers of a Chinaman, by calling him a Chinese.

Dickens then went on to make a series of claims, not all of which were true. "I always," he wrote, "speak well of them [the Jewish people], whether in public or in private, and bear my testimony (as I ought to do) to their perfect good faith in such transactions as I have had with them."

Dickens, always sensitive to the charge of injustice, had stated his posi-

tion with force and finality. But Mrs. Davis, now that her challenge had been taken up, saw her opportunity and replied almost immediately. Rebutting Dickens' explanation and his analogies, she pointed out that:

It is a fact that the Jewish *race* and *religion* are inseparable, if a Jew embrace any other faith, he is no longer known as one of the *race* either to his own people or to the Gentiles to whom he has joined himself. . . . If, as you remark "all must observe that the other Criminals [in *Oliver Twist*] were Christians" they are at least contrasted with characters of *good Christians*, this poor wretched Fagin stands alone "The Jew." How grateful [*sic*] we are to Sir Walter Scott and to Mrs. S. C. Hall for their delineations of some of our race, yet Isaac of York was not all virtue!

DICKENS MUST have found the references to the author of *Ivanhoe* especially compelling, for he often identified himself with Scott. In any case, although he failed to answer Mrs. Davis's counterattack, it soon became clear that her arguments had captured both his reason and his imagination. In her second letter she had also written, "I hazard the opinion that it would well repay an author of reputation to examine more closely into the manners and character of the British Jews and to represent them as they really are." The hint was not lost upon the "author of reputation," and although Dickens did not examine into Jewish life very closely, he did decide in *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-65) to strike a blow for the Jews.

Our Mutual Friend is a measure of Dickens' conversion. For in this book he wished to do more than balance Fagin's villainy with Riah's goodness; he intended to plead the Jewish cause

before the English public. Riah, the good Jew of *Our Mutual Friend*, was not, like Fagin, merely to be labeled a Jew; he was to serve as the apotheosis of kindly Judaism. Riah is always conscious of his Jewishness, speaks in quasi-Biblical rhythms, exhibits what were usually thought of as specifically Jewish virtues, occupies a position of influence in the Jewish community, and makes a reasoned plea for religious tolerance. Even Riah's conventional role as a moneylender becomes an argument for understanding. Dickens uses Riah's occupation not as a stereotype, but as a means of reversing the stereotype. Riah is depicted as the unwilling but perfect front for an unscrupulous Christian. He is useful to his Christian master precisely because of Gentile preconceptions and prejudices. The moment a Gentile sees Riah's face, beard, and costume, he labels him a Jew, and resigns himself to being fleeced by what he is convinced is a rich, shrewd, ruthless usurer. Dickens is saying that the stereotype of the Jewish usurer (and even his occupation) have been imposed from the outside; the true Riah (and therefore the true Jew) is not at all like the Gentile's conception of him.

Yet Riah strikes one, not as a living being, but as a fairy godmother—Jenny When actually nicknames him "god-mother"—who has been transplanted from some unreal children's story. And perhaps Dickens' conception of Riah owes a good deal to his childhood. When he began to create his virtuous Jew, he may have been reminded of that other good Jew he had read about so often as a boy. For Riah, like Abednego in Dibdin's *The Jew and the Doctor* is not the usurer he appears to be; like Abednego he has a good heart and noble aspirations, he befriends and protects a helpless Christian girl, he assists her to escape from a dangerous

love situation, and he pleads the cause of the Jews. But though the larger features are similar, Dickens' portrait is more ambitious than Dibdin's, and Riah is shorn of the stage-Jew traits which disfigure Abednego. Dickens uses Riah to underline Jewish loyalty, kindness, humility, patience, and charity—the supposedly Jewish virtues. Riah exhibits these virtues again and again. He hides Lizzie Hexam among his co-religionists and keeps her secret in the face of humiliation and contempt. Lizzie herself vouches for Jewish kindness. "The gentleman certainly is a Jew," said Lizzie, 'and the lady, his wife, is a Jewess, and I was first brought to their notice by a Jew. But I think there cannot be kinder people in the world' ". When Eugene goads Riah, Riah lowers his eyes and keeps silent. When Fledgeby failed to answer Riah's knock, Riah "sat down on the threshold. It was characteristic of his habitual submission," Dickens continues, "that he sat down on the raw dark staircase, as many of his ancestors had probably sat down in dungeons, taking what befell him as it might befall." Dickens' anxiety to make Riah a representative Jew, and to enforce through him the lessons of tolerance and justice, sometimes causes him to use Riah as a didactic mouthpiece. It is Dickens himself who is preaching to the English public when he has Riah say:

For it is not, in Christian countries, with the Jews as with other peoples. Men say, 'This is a bad Greek, but there are good Greeks. This is a bad Turk, but there are good Turks.' Not so with the Jews. Men find the bad among us easily enough—among what peoples are the bad not easily found?—but they take the worst of us as samples of the best; they take the lowest of us as presentations of the highest; and they say 'All Jews are alike.' If... I had been a Chris-

tian, I could have done it [become the agent of an unscrupulous Christian moneylender], compromising no one but my individual self. But doing it as a Jew, I could not choose but compromise the Jews of all conditions and all countries. It is a little hard upon us, but it is the truth.

The speech is a noteworthy statement of the Jews' plight. It is all the more noteworthy because it refutes the arguments Dickens had brought forward in his own defense less than two years earlier. He had now acknowledged the justice of Mrs. Davis's complaint; but satisfying her injunction to study the Jews was another matter.

RIAH LACKS Fagin's vitality. Dickens did not know enough about Jewish life, customs, and problems to create a convincing Jew. Riah is an emotional gesture. Picturesque and anomalous, he springs full-blown from Dickens' fancy. He is a strange amalgam of good-natured fairy and Biblical sage. When he is not waving the wand of a fairy godmother, he is brandishing the rod of a Hebrew prophet. The conception is not convincing. One can believe in Fagin as he darts through London alleys and trudges up rotting stairways; but who can believe that limp, gentle Riah with his Biblical staff and Biblical talk ever saw a London street? Dickens had abjured his early Jew and replaced him with a saintly prophet, but Fagin lives and is remembered while Riah is forgotten.

Fagin's superiority is puzzling. Did Dickens' latent anti-Semitism strengthen Fagin and vitiate Riah? Is there something more believable in an evil than a good Jew? Since both portraits are stereotypes, why is one more successful than the other? The answer to these questions probably has little to do with Dickens' anti-Semitism or his conversion. Fagin, after all, is a central

character in one of Dicken's best-known books, while Riah is a minor character in one of his lesser-known works. This alone is enough to account for Fagin's more lasting fame. Yet Fagin's superiority is a reflection of something more: it is a reflection of a fundamental aspect of Dickens' creative impulse, and it is a reflection of the average reader's willingness to believe.

Most writers are better at depicting evil than goodness. Goodness dwindles into dullness, while evil remains eternally capricious and inexplicable. Dickens always drew evil more convincingly than goodness. In part this was owing to the above principle, but in part it was owing to his overwhelming identification with the criminal, the grotesque, and the morbid, an identification going back to his youthful experiences of deprivation and horror. Furthermore, Dickens' projection of evil is amplified by the average reader's fascination with depravity, his disbelief in saintliness—a predilection especially striking in the twentieth-century reader. Yet the primary impulse comes from Dickens, not his readers. Evil is so real for Dickens that he invests it with the credibility and density of absolute belief; good is so evanescent, abstract, rarely experienced that he creates it in unconvincing forms. Evil is drawn from life, good from a vision of what life should be. That Fagin is more believable than Riah is in keeping with this fundamental pattern in Dickens' writings. We respond to Fagin because he is like Dickens' other demonic incarnations of evil, the vital Quilps, Uriah Heeps, Carkers, and Jaspers. We recall next to nothing about Riah because he is like Dickens' other paragons of virtue, the pale Nubbleses, Maylies, Bevans, and Morfins.

Still, Dickens' intent in creating Riah had been praiseworthy, and Mrs. Davis, reading the monthly parts of *Our*

Mutual Friend, recognized that this was so. On 13 November 1864, she wrote to him once more. After thanking him for the "great compliment paid to myself and to my people," she pointed out that Riah was something less than a realistic portrait. Dickens' changed attitude may be measured by his response. The irritation and touchiness of his earlier letter were gone. He received Mrs. Davis's criticism with "great pleasure," admitted errors, and remarked mildly that some of the "peculiarities of [Riah's] dress and manners are fixed together for the sake of picturesqueness." On Riah's genesis he did not contradict Mrs. Davis, but pointedly reiterated that "[I] hope to be (as I have always been in my heart) the best of friends with the Jewish people."

These repeated assurances, and Riah's role in the concluding numbers of *Our Mutual Friend*, convinced Mrs. Davis that Dickens had not only accepted her arguments, but had become willing to promulgate them. Impressed by the generosity of spirit which lay behind his conversion, she decided to give it formal recognition. Accordingly, on 8 February 1867, she sent Dickens a sumptuously bound copy of the new Benisch edition of the Bible, the first complete English-Hebrew text of the Old Testament for Jews. In the Bible she placed the following inscription:

6th February 1867.

Presented to

CHARLES DICKENS ESQre
in grateful and admiring recognition
of his having exercised the noblest
quality man can possess; that of aton-
ing for an injury as soon as con-
scious of having inflicted it,

by a Jewess

Dickens was delighted. He thanked Mrs. Davis for the Bible, and then penned a graceful conclusion to the exchange of letters which had figured so intimately in his thinking about

Jews. "The terms," he wrote, "in which you send me that mark of your remembrance are more gratifying to me than I can possibly express to you; for they assure me that there is nothing but goodwill left between you and me and a people for whom I have a real regard, and to whom I would not wilfully have given an offence or done an injustice for any worldly consideration."

DICKENS UNDOUBTEDLY meant what he had written, for he did not confine his new-found sympathy to letter and novel. *All the Year Round* also took up his changed point of view and sought to teach the English public what he himself had lately come to believe. His early ideas and editorial practices contrast startlingly with those he promulgated in *All the Year Round* in the second half of the 1860's. *Our Mutual Friend* had been finished for more than a year, Mrs. Davis's Bible had not yet arrived, but Dickens continued to reiterate Riah's message:

In all they do [said *All the Year Round* in 1866], whether in the pursuit of business or in the pursuit of pleasure, the Jews are an earnest, methodical, aspiring people.... There is an innate feeling of pride in the race, which inspires even the humblest rag-gatherer with a desire to reach a higher sphere. They are sober and self-denying, prudent and careful.... Their ceremonial law teaches what we polite Christians call etiquette to the commonest man of the tribe. They are a people who wash their hands and anoint their heads, and pay respect to times and seasons and observances. The character of Jews has too long been wronged by Christian communities. We take old-clothes men and thieves—there being none such among Christians, of course—as the types of an ancient,

refined, and charitable people.

The last two sentences might be taken as a pointed disavowal of *Oliver Twist*; but even without the appositeness of the concluding words, the passage underscores Dickens' reversed attitude toward the Jews. Yet in spite of this reversal, and in spite of his new-found sympathy and penitent actions, he still harbored elements of anti-Jewish prejudice. In at least one passage in *Our Mutual Friend* he called up fragments of the old stereotype when he described financial manipulators who were "asthmatic and thick-lipped" and "were for ever demonstrating to the rest, with gold pencil-cases which they could hardly hold because of the big rings on their forefingers, how money was to be made." Such passages, exceedingly rare in these later years, hint rather than label. They are the insoluble residue of decades of stereotyped thinking; they underline the sinister nature of prejudice, the difficulty of subordinating emotions schooled in an anti-Semitic era to more tolerant beliefs inculcated by a later age. When Dickens was gripped by emotion, submerged stereotypes and prejudices still had momentary power to command his mind. Nevertheless, in the late 1860's his considered, conscious attitude toward the Jews was sympathetic, and the Riah-like sentiments of *All the Year Round* during the last six years of his life reflect what he usually thought and wrote about Jews during this period, and what he wanted the public to think and feel.

That this is so may be deduced from other less public (and therefore presumably less calculated) actions, for Dickens' attempts to make amends to the Jews were not quite finished. In 1867-68, a few years before his death, a new edition of his works, "The Charles Dickens Edition," was being issued by Chapman and Hall. Dickens

revised the volumes in this edition for copyright purposes, supplying new and modified prefaces, cutting phrases here or there, canceling occasional passages, adding minor touches, and making other corrections. The text of this edition has been followed in almost all subsequent reprintings of his books.

In *Oliver Twist* he made hundreds of emendations, but the most important and most numerous by far concern Fagin and the Jews. Beginning with Chapter XXXIX, he went through *Oliver Twist* and eliminated the bulk of the references to Fagin as "the Jew," canceling that term entirely, or replacing it with "he," or with "Fagin." For example, in Chapter XXXIX, he struck out twenty-three references to Fagin as "the Jew"; in Chapters XLIV and XLV (a single chapter in the original version), he eliminated thirty-one of thirty-seven references to "the Jew"; and in Chapter LII, in which the very title is changed from "The Jew's Last Night Alive" to "Fagin's Last Night Alive," he canceled eleven allusions to Fagin as "the Jew," leaving a single reference to "the Jew" in the entire chapter.

The effect of these changes is to eliminate, for the most part, the one important link connecting Fagin with the Jews. The last third of the revised version, page after page of which had formerly emphasized that a Jew was doing this or that bit of villainy, now merely reported that Fagin was doing it; and whole segments of the novel contained scarcely the mention of "Jew."

THESE FINAL revisions are doubly significant. For Dickens' journey had been the journey of his times. William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), for example, exhibits even more clearly than Dickens the conflicting tendencies of the age. His works are full of repel-

lent Jewish stereotypes. In 1833 he wrote a poem about Rothschild, "the first Baron Juif; by grace of his pelf"; and in 1847 he published in *Punch*, under the title of *Codlingsby*, a parody of Disraeli's *Coningsby*. The parody is clever. Disraeli with his wildly romanticized Jews had made himself fair game for the satirist's barb, but Thackeray included much that was unnecessarily offensive. One meets again the old stereotype: the rich, oily, great-nosed, flashy, ill-mannered, crafty, materialistic Jew. Thackeray's other Jews—sheriff's assistants, sponging-house keepers, secondhand clothesdealers, money lenders, pawnshop owners, and the like—are similar to Dickens' early Jewish portraits, but Thackeray's vignettes are more condescending and more venomous. Like Dickens, Thackeray associates Jews with negative traits. He admitted to Lady Louisa de Rothschild that he had a "bad opinion" of Jews, and his opinion seeps into his casual remarks. He jumbles together "Jews, Turks, filth, and oddity," excoriates the "foul Jews" he finds at auctions, and satirizes the Lords who keep watch over the purity of Parliament by standing before the door and confronting "our Jewish fellow-citizens nose to nose."

The "nose to nose" phrase is from a speech in which Thackeray urges Jewish emancipation. That he should choose such an image to advocate reform is revealing. For Thackeray's prejudice, like Dickens', is largely unthinking. This is true even though his attitude contains an element of snobbery foreign to Dickens. Thackeray's anti-Semitism was that of an English gentleman: it reflects the English gentleman's provincial distaste for the outsider. Yet Thackeray was willing, even anxious, to plead for the rights of the Jews. Even while lampooning

the Jews in his writings and denigrating them in his letters, he was saying with absolute sincerity that "God's sun shines over us all Jews, Heathen Turks, Methodists, Catholics, Church-of-England men." Like Dickens, his attitude toward the Jews was constructed out of antinomies: it was conditioned by the prevailing anti-Semitism of the age, but it was modified by the age's growing tolerance and egalitarianism. Unlike Dickens, however, he did not confront a situation—perhaps he simply did not live long enough into the new times—which impelled him to use his art to champion the Jews.

Anthony Trollope (1815-82), on the other hand, did, after a fashion, champion the Jews. His championship, surprising in view of his many unflattering portraits of Jewish moneylenders, was incorporated into *Nina Balatka* (1866-67), a novel which he published anonymously. Trollope's chief reason for sending *Nina* into the world without his name was to test whether he could attract a new public in a "second identity." But the novel's subject may have had something to do with his reticence, for the plot centers upon a Gentile girl's love for a Jewish boy. Trollope attempts to show that the exclusiveness of Jew and Christian leads to prejudice, but he does not, in his desire to promote this message, indulge in tract-like simplifications. The Jews of *Nina* display the frailties of ordinary human beings; even the young lover, Anton Trendellsohn, has many faults. But Anton's emotions and yearnings are depicted sympathetically, and the effect of the novel is to encourage understanding.

Yet Trollope himself exhibits the ambivalence of his age—an ambivalence which, in his case, reverses the usual progression from prejudice to toleration. Like Thackeray, he displays the

fastidious snobbery of the foxhunting English gentleman. Jews were tolerated on principle, accepted on approval. Though Trollope cast his anonymous influence in their favor in 1866, he threw his unanonymous weight against them eight years later. In *The Way We Live Now* (1874-75) he attacked the materialism and moral corruption of contemporary society. One of the evils of that society, an evil much in the news in the 1870's, was speculation, and since Trollope, like Dickens, associated speculation with Jews, Jews come in for an unconscionable amount of abuse in *The Way We Live Now*. Trollope may have repented his severity, for in his *Autobiography*, written in 1875-76, he attributes his excessiveness to satiric exuberance. "The accusations [in *The Way We Live Now*]," he writes, "are exaggerated. The vices are coloured, so as to make effect rather than to represent truth." Yet he continued to view the Jews negatively. In 1880 he described a pinching bookseller as "a vile Jew"; and in 1882, the year of his death, he scored off an expensive physician with the comment that "he is a Jew;—and he must know that I think him so." Like most of his famous literary contemporaries, Trollope was neither a bigot nor a champion of tolerance. His anti-Semitism smoldered unquenched. Humanitarian idealism could quench it, but visions of alien financiers could fan it into flame.

THERE WERE, of course, bigots in 1860 as there are in 1960. Their writings swell the scurrilous ephemerae of the period. And there were philo-Semites as well. Henry Harland, under the pseudonym Sidney Luska, produced a long procession of saccharine Jews who are as odious in their way as Fagin is in his. But the typical writers of importance during the later Victorian

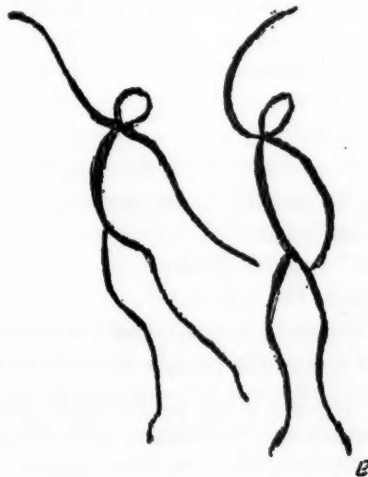
years tended to present the Jews with increasing realism and sympathy, and many novelists expunged early attacks by later repentances. Charles Lever (in *That Boy of Norcott's*, 1869) and George Meredith (in *The Tragic Comedians*, 1880) tried to present Jews as they appeared in contemporary life, and Du Maurier atoned for *Trilby* (1894) with *The Martian* (1897).

This pattern of change can be found in yet another great Victorian novelist, George Eliot (1819-80). Her evolving attitude toward the Jews offers a close parallel to Dickens'. Her early letters contain pejorative references to Jews; as late as 1848 she could write airily that "everything *specifically* Jewish is of a low grade." Such a statement contrasts with her insistence eighteen years later that Jewish history and culture have "prepared half our world for us." Between 1848 and 1876 she had undergone an intellectual conversion, a conversion more intense and complete than Dickens', but marked by a similar series of literary atonements. In 1868 she had published *The Spanish Gypsy*, a poetic drama containing a retraction and a reversal; in 1876 *Daniel Deronda*, a full-scale fictional counterattack; and in 1879 "The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!," a reasoned plea for toleration and appreciation. In the latter work she had emphasized the typical Jewish virtues—kindliness, pity, charity, and mercy—the Riah-like, "good Jew" attributes again. But her knowledge of Jewish history, life, and aspirations was infinitely wider than Dickens'. By the time of *Deronda* she had become an expert on things Jewish—she made frequent trips to Jewish communities, maintained friendships with Jewish leaders, and read widely in Judaica. Long before *Deronda* she had mastered Hebrew, and into *Deronda* she had woven an astonishingly clear-eyed pre-Herzl

vision of Zionism. She had, in fact, attempted the task Mrs. Davis had urged upon "an author of reputation." For the Jews of *Deronda* are George Eliot's conception of Jews "as they really are"; they represent a cross section of types, attitudes, and classifications—repellent and attractive, assimilationist and Zionist, materialist and idealist. Despite a romantic and unbelievable plot and an occasional research-engendered artificiality, their lives, thoughts, and yearnings are not, as in *Our Mutual Friend*, picturesque, but real; and their role in *Deronda* is central rather than peripheral. Yet George Eliot's purpose was strangely like Dickens'. *Deronda*, she wrote, was an "effort to contribute something to the ennobling of Judaism in the conception of the Christian community." Each author, in his characteristic way, was reflecting the dominant impulse of the age.

That impulse, and Dickens' classic embodiment of it, are worth keeping in mind. When the period opened Mordecai was "clinking his shining chink," *Punch* was reveling in gross caricatures of Jews, and Thackeray was writing parody crime-fiction under the

libelous pseudonym of "Ikey Solomons, Esq., Junior." Sixty years later, when the period drew to a close, the Jews had largely achieved their present status in English society. But in 1864 the battle was still hot; Jews were still struggling for recognition and understanding. At this juncture Dickens chose to help the Jews, and this in spite of his lingering prejudices and misconceptions. There was no hypocrisy in this. He had moved with the changing times. In terms of his intentions and his attempts to influence the public, he had come full circle: not merely because he created a good Jew to blot out a bad one, but because he enforced in many ways—in his letters, books, magazines, and emendations—the doctrine he had enunciated through Riah's lips, a doctrine he had been approaching slowly, but had only recently accepted. In his new understanding he was mirroring the new times, just as in his earlier anti-Semitism he had reflected the old. And yet by 1864 and *Our Mutual Friend* he was not merely mirroring. For in his relationship with the Jews, as in other areas of his life and art, Dickens was a maker as well as a creature of his times.



At The Poorhouse

By I. BASHEVIS SINGER

THERE WAS a warm, homelike feeling about the poorhouse that day. The town's rich man, Reb Leizer Lemkes, married off his youngest daughter. And he gave a feast for the poor. In addition to stuffing themselves with carp, *kreplach* with soup, *chalah*, beef and carrot stew, and washing it all down with wine, each of the paupers was given something to take home: a slice of honey-cake, a chicken drumstick, an apple, a piece of pastry. Everyone had eaten his fill. Most of them had overeaten. The poorhouse overseer had also had his share and did not stint: he piled the stove full of firewood. Such heat came from its iron door that Hodele the beggar asked someone to open the chimney, she was sweating so.

After the feast everybody fell asleep. Night descended quickly. None of the men had prayed that evening. But after some hours of sleep, the poorhouse began to wake. First to open his eyes was Leibush Scratch. He had hidden a roast chicken in the straw, and now he began to polish it off for fear that someone might steal it during the long winter night, or else the mice might get at it.

The second to wake up was Jonah the Thief. He had slipped under his pillow a head of carp wrapped in cabbage leaves—a present from Serele the servant girl. Bashe the Whore, who had hidden three macaroons in her stocking could not sleep either. The sounds of munching, chewing, gnawing mingled with the snuffling and snoring of the sleepers. Outside, fresh snow had fallen, and the moon was bright. After a while, Leibush Scratch asked:

"Jonah, my friend, are you eating or sleeping on it?"

"Chewing is no sin," Jonah the Thief retorted smartly.

"Leave him alone, Reb Leibush," put in Bashe the Whore, "or he may swallow a bone."

"What are you crunching there?" asked Leibush, "Last Passover's *matzos*?"

"A bit of a macaroon."

"I thought you had something. Who gave it to you, eh?"

"Tsipele."

"Hand me a piece . . ."

Bashe did not answer. Jonah the Thief laughed:

"Her kind doesn't give anything for nothing."

"I can give her my bellyache."

"Keep it to yourself," replied Bashe.

"I have plenty to spare for you too."

"Don't curse, Reb Leibush, I am cursed enough," said Bashe. At any other time she wouldn't trouble to talk to Leibush, but the food and the

I. BASHEVIS SINGER is widely regarded as the foremost prose writer in Yiddish today. Among his works translated into English are: *The Family Moskat*, *Satan in Goray* and the classic short story *Gimpel the Fool*. His story, *The Wife Killer*, appeared in Vol. I, No. 1 of *Midstream*.

wine and the glowing stove softened all hearts. People forgot their quarrels for a while. Besides, there was a long night ahead and they couldn't get back to sleep.

For a while it was quiet again. Leibush was heard cracking chicken bones and sucking marrow. Then he asked:

"I wonder how late it is?"

"I sent my watch for repair," joked Jonah the Thief.

"Once upon a time I had no need of watches. In the daytime I could tell the hour by the sun. At night I looked at the stars, or sniffed the wind. But you can't tell anything in this stench. Why are no roosters crowing?"

"All the roosters were slaughtered for the wedding," said Bashe.

"Tell us a story, Reb Leibush," asked Jonah the Thief.

"What story? I've told you everything. Old Getsl makes up his stories, but I don't like to make them up. What's the use? I can tell you that I was Count Pototsky once upon a time, or that Count Radzivill used to heat the stove for me. Did I ever tell you about the 'little man'?"

"In the glass of whisky? With the magician?"

"Yes."

"You told us that one."

"And about the hail?"

"The hail too."

"And the ox?"

"The way the ox attacked you on the way to *slichos*?"

"Yes."

"You did, you told us that one too."

"Well, what can I tell you, then? You are a thief, you have many stories to tell. I spent my life over the grindstone."

"Hey, you, Bashe, why don't you ever tell us anything?" asked Jonah.

Bashe was silent. They no longer expected her to answer, then suddenly her voice was heard:

"What can I tell you?"

"Tell us how you became a whore, and all the rest of it."

"The moment I open my mouth, the women begin to curse."

"The women are asleep."

"They'll wake soon enough. They don't let me live. God has forgiven long ago, but they won't forgive. What harm have I done them? I am not from these parts. I have never sinned with their husbands. I lie here and never hurt a fly, but they eat me up alive with their eyes. They spit into my face. Whenever anyone brings a plate of soup or a bowl of *kashe*, they begin to hiss like snakes: 'Not for her! Not for her!' If it were up to them, I would have died of hunger long ago. But kind people have pity. If I had my legs, I'd not be lying here. I'd run from here to where black pepper grows."

"But you have none."

"And that's my misfortune. I long for death, but it doesn't come. Healthy people die, but I lie here and rot alive. It's lucky they put me here, near you. The women used to pinch me, they used to tear out lumps of flesh. They threw garbage at me. They spilled their night slops over me . . ."

"We know, we know it all."

"You don't know one thousandth of it. When a man hits someone, everybody sees it and there's an uproar. But women can tear your heart out on the sly. Now they cannot reach me with their little hands, so they needle me with their eyes. They can't forgive me that I lie here among the men. When I'll lie dead, with my feet toward the door and a straw under my head, they will still envy me."

"I thought you were going to tell us a story . . ."

"What have I to tell? I've had troubles from my childhood on. My mother, may she intercede for me, had three daughters before me. My father wanted a boy. He made a journey to a rabbi, and the rabbi promised him a boy. When the midwife told him it was a girl, he would not believe her. He demanded to be shown. My father was a Hassid, and it was a custom in the study house that a man whose wife gave birth to one daughter after another was given a whipping. The Hassidim stretched my father out on the table, and whipped him with their sashes. He never wanted to look at me. He would not even call me by my name. He never hit me either. Just as if I was a step-child. When I called him 'father,' he pretended he did not hear me. Was it my fault? My mother used to say: 'You were born in a black hour.' When I was nine I left home."

"Why did you leave home?"

"Because I slaughtered three ducks. . . ."

"What? You slaughtered ducks?"

"Yes, I was growing up a wild thing. Whatever I saw, I imitated. One day my mother sent me to the *shochet*, to have him slaughter a hen. I saw him standing there with the knife slaughtering the fowl, and I liked it. We had three ducks locked in the pantry. I took a pocket knife, spat on a stone, sharpened it, and cut the throats of the three ducks. Suddenly the door opened, and my father came in. He turned white as chalk. He ran to my mother, screaming: 'Either she goes, or I go . . .' On the following day they packed a few things into a bundle and sent me into service in Lublin."

"But how did you become a whore?"

"**H**OW DID you become a horse-thief? Little by little. A young fellow promises to lead you under the bridal canopy. Then he tells you to go whistle."

"Who was the first one?"

"A teacher's helper."

"A teacher's helper, eh? And then?"

"He went away, and that was the last of him. Try and find a teacher's helper in God's world. After him came a tailor's assistant, and after the tailor, a hat-maker. When a girl loses her virtue, she is anybody's game. Whoever wants to uses her. A bridal canopy is only a few lengths of velvet and four posts. But without it, a girl is less than the dirt under your nail."

"We know that. When did you enter a brothel?"

"When I got a bellyful."

"And what happened there?"

"What could happen there? Nothing."

"And the child, what became of it?"

"It was left on the church steps."

"One child?"

"Three."

"And then what?"

"Nothing."

"This is no story."

"The story comes later."

"What happened?"

"I'm ashamed to tell it before Reb Leibush."

"What? But he's sleeping!"

"He fell asleep?"

"Don't you hear him snoring?"

"Yes. But he was talking just now!"

"At his age you can talk one minute, doze off the next, and a minute later you make bye-bye, and it's all over. And with me you don't have to feel ashamed."

"No."

"Let's hear it, then."

"I'm afraid the women are listening."

"They're sleeping like the dead. Talk quietly. I am not deaf."

"There are times when you want to talk. I was already in Warsaw at that time. I was with a Madam. She had three of us, and I was the prettiest. Don't look at me now. I am a broken vessel. I have no legs, my hair is gone, my teeth are gone. I am an old scarecrow. But in my younger days I was a beauty. The queen! That's what they called me. People couldn't look into my face—it dazzled them like the sun. Whenever a guest had me once he never again wanted anyone else. The other two stood at the gate all night, but I sat on my bed and they came to me as if I were a doctor. The Madam had a tongue like a whip, but when she spoke to me, it was as through a silk cloth. I had a fiancé—that's what we called them—Yankel, and he was crazy about me. He bought me whatever I wanted. If the Madam said an unkind word to me, right away he'd pull the knife out of his boot. He was a wild one, too. A guest is a guest, after all. But suddenly he'd get jealous. He'd grab the man by the collar and throw him down the whole flight of stairs, if he just dared to kiss me. The Madam would yell murder, but he'd yell back: 'Shut up, or I'll knock all your teeth out.' He wanted to marry me, too, but he didn't live long enough. He caught the smallpox and was covered with blisters all over. They took him in an ambulance to the hospital, and there they poisoned everybody."

"Poisoned? Why?"

"Just so."

"And then what?"

"He died and was buried. After that my luck changed. I was taken over by another guy, but he only had money on his mind. Sender was his name, Sender! the Bum. He didn't care for me, and I didn't care for him. When the Madam saw that things were going badly with me, she began to boss me around. I couldn't run away because I had a yellow passport. And where can our kind escape? Only to the grave. The Madam began to abuse me, and the other two sluts made my life miserable. A woman must have someone to protect her, or she's nine feet deep in trouble."

"Once in two weeks we had our day off. When Yankel was alive, he used to take me everywhere. We even drove out in a *droshky*. He bought me chocolates, marmelade, halvah and licorice from a Turk—whatever my heart desired. There was a carousel in Voiny Place, and we used to go round and round in it. But after Yankel died I was all alone. The Madam lived on Nizka Street, and I went walking along the Dzhika. Were you ever in Warsaw? I had nothing to do. So I leaned on a lamp-post, cracking sunflower seeds. I wasn't out to catch anyone. I put on a cotton dress and a shawl over my shoulders, like an honest girl.

"I stand there, and think about my life. Suddenly a tall young man comes over to me, in a wide-brimmed hat, with a shock of long hair and a cape down to the sidewalk. I was so startled, I cried out. He looked strange, pale and disheveled, like a free-thinker. At that time workers were organizing unions and throwing bombs at the Tsar. I thought he was one of that company. I wanted to get away, but he reached out and grabbed me. 'Fraulein,' says he, 'don't run away. I don't eat people.' 'What does the gentleman want?' I ask. And he says: 'Do you want to earn some money?' 'Who doesn't want money?' I say, 'But I have no time. I must be back at the Madam's in an hour.' 'It won't take an hour,' says he. He starts talking so fast that I can't understand a word at first. He is in love, he tells me, with a girl, and she is making him sweat. So he wants me to come with him and he'll introduce me as his fiancée. 'What will come of it?' I ask. 'Besides, I must go back very soon.' And he says: 'I want to test her.' 'How do you know,' I ask, 'who I am?' So he tells me he lives across the street, and he sees me at the gate. It seems he followed me.

"I was afraid because I couldn't stay out long, and Sender was free with his fists. Anything not to his liking, and he could beat you to death. But before I could say a word, I was sitting in a *droshky*. 'Take off your shawl,' says he. On Nalewki Street there was a milliner. He tells the *droshky* to wait and picks out a hat for me, with a wide brim, for three rubles. I put it on, and I can't recognize my own face in the mirror. He takes my shawl and hides it under his cloak. We drive out on Mead Street, and there he buys me a handbag. All the customers haggle. They bargain the shopkeeper down to half the asking price. But he doesn't bargain, he pays whatever they ask. The salesgirls laugh at him and pinch one another. My mother used to say: 'Send a fool to market, and the shopkeepers rejoice.' To make it short and sweet, I was now a regular lady from Marshalkovski Street.

"From Mead Street we drove back to Franciscan Boulevard. The driver was already starting to grumble that it was more than a single fare zone. So the man takes half a ruble from his pocket and hands it to him. He is throwing money around like mad.

"Then we come to a leather goods store, and there's a girl inside. There are no customers. He lets me walk ahead and then follows me in. Respect for the ladies, we called it in Warsaw. She was an ordinary girl. I couldn't tell what he saw in her. Her eyes were black and sharp. You could tell she was a shrew. She took one look at him and turned white as chalk. He takes me by the arm and leads me to the counter. 'Leah, my dear,' he says, 'this is my fiancée.' I thought the jade would have apoplexy on the spot. If she could, she would have swallowed me up alive. 'Why did you bring

your fiancée here?' she asks, 'Do you want me to congratulate her?' 'No,' he answers, 'this wasn't the reason. I want a pair of shoes made for her, and I know your father sells the best leather. Give her first-class goods. The price doesn't matter.' If the girl didn't have a stroke, she was stronger than iron. 'You can't buy leather without a shoemaker,' she says. 'You have to know the size and the trimmings.' 'You can take her size,' says he, and tells me to sit down on the stool. He lifts up my dress, tears off a strip of paper and measures my foot. And he says: 'Leah my dear, did you ever see such a foot? It's the smallest foot in Warsaw.' I really had small feet. He tickles me with his long fingers, and I can hardly keep a straight face. The girl says: 'Don't think you are fooling me. You could have gotten your leather somewhere else. You came here to taunt me. So I tell you: Whoever begrudges you, let him have nothing himself. And she isn't your fiancée either. You picked someone up in the street. I know your tricks. I don't need your trade. Get out of here and don't come back. If you show up again, alone or with her, I'll call a policeman!' My gentleman turns white and says nothing. He drops my foot, and I sit there with one shoe and one stocking on. And then he cries out: 'Yes, you are right. She is a girl from the street, but I swear to God I'll marry her this very day! Tonight she'll be my wife, and I'll forget all about you. I'll tear you from my heart. I'll love her with my whole soul. Even if she is an unfortunate, she has more decency than you . . .' Those were his words. He started abusing her in the vilest language. He caught me by the hand and screamed: " 'Come to the rabbi, my bride! Tonight we shall be man and wife . . . ' 'I was so mixed up that I forgot one shoe in the store.'"

LEIBUSH SCRATCH woke up.

"You're talking? Talk. What happened after that?"

"Have you heard it, then?" Jonah the Thief asked. "But you were sleeping."

"I dozed off, but I heard. At my age sleep isn't what it used to be. I dream I am at a fair, and I know I am lying here at the poorhouse. I am here and I am there. I am Leibush, and I am the Rabbi. Why did you leave your shoe, eh?"

"I was afraid a crowd would gather."

"How could you walk around in one shoe?"

"Just as I stood there, the shoe came flying after me from the store. I ran to catch it, and a cart almost knocked me over. My fine gentleman got on his knees in the middle of the gutter and put the shoe on my foot. Just like a play in the theatre. The whole street laughed. The *droschky* was gone, and he pulled me and yelled: 'Where can one find a rabbi around here?' People pointed out a house across the street. And then I saw that I had no luck. We were already before the steps, when I was suddenly afraid. I say to him: 'You love the other girl, not me.' 'I'll love you, I'll love you,' he answers. 'I am a trained pharmacist. I can live in Petersburg, in Moscow, anywhere in Russia. We'll leave this city and I'll pluck her out of my heart. I'll love and cherish you, and you will be the mother of my children.' I remember every word as if it happened yesterday. I didn't know what a pharmacist was. Later someone explained to me it meant

a druggist, an educated man. But I say: 'Do you know what I do?' 'I know,' he cries, 'but I don't want to know. I'll forgive you everything . . . ' 'But you don't even know me,' I say, but he screams: 'I don't need to know you. You are purer than she is . . . ' I look at him—he is foaming at the mouth. His eyes are like a madman's. I suddenly felt sick. I broke away and started to run. I ran out of the gates, and heard him running after me and calling: 'Where are you running? Where are you running? Come back! . . . ' I ran as if he were a murderer. I came to the butcher stalls in the market, and there I got away from him. The place was so crowded that you couldn't drop a needle. It was only after I cooled off that I realized I was done for. Where was I running, woe is me? Back to the mire?

"When I came home and they saw me with the stylish hat and handbag, there was an uproar. The old woman asks: 'Where is the shawl?' And I don't have the shawl. He hid it under his cape. Well, there was no end of talk and laughter. They wouldn't believe me, either. When Sender came and they told him everything, he took away the hat and the handbag. He punched me into the bargain. He had a fiancée somewhere, and he took everything to her. And, my dear people, I'll tell you something else: the Madam deducted from my wages for the shawl; may I never have a decent burial if she didn't."

For a while everyone was silent. Then Leibush Scratch asked:

"You are sorry now, eh?"

"Why not? I wouldn't be rotting here today."

"If he lived across the street, why didn't you seek him out?" asked Jonah the Thief.

"They wouldn't give me any time off after that. I thought he would come, but he never did."

"Perhaps he made it up with the girl from the leather store?"

"Perhaps."

"There is a saying: forge the iron while it's hot," Leibush Scratch said reflectively.

"That's true."

"And yet, if it isn't fated for you, it isn't. Was it you, then, who was running? Your feet carried you. Or take me. Did I have to end up lying here on a bundle of straw? No more than you have to dance on the roof. I wasn't rich, but I was a man of some property. I owned a house, a small mill. I had a wife . . . But if they decide in heaven that a man should fall, he falls. First my wife sickened and died. Then the house went up in smoke. Nobody knew how it started. A few splinters were smoldering under the tripod. Then suddenly there was a burst of fire as though hell itself had opened. There wasn't even any wind. My house stood right next to Chaim the Cooper's, but never a spark touched his place, while I was ruined. Can anyone understand that?"

"No."

"Someone saw a little flame sit on the bed. It rolled over and made somersaults. It was all from the evil ones."

"What did the evil ones have against you?"

"I was destined to take up a beggar's sack . . ."

Jonah the Thief began to crack his knuckles, first one hand, then the other.

"Isn't it the truth, though? That night when I went to the village of Bysht I knew well enough that I shouldn't go. The peasants had heard of me. I was warned that they were sleeping in the stables. Woyciech, the village elder, had posted a watch with a rattle. I needed the whole business like a hole in the head. Just a few days before that I pulled in a big haul. Zeldele, may she rest in peace, begged me: 'Jonah, don't try to grab the whole world. I'd rather eat dry bread than see you making this kind of living.' And what did we need? There were only the two of us. Zelig the horse dealer wanted to hire me as a driver. I could have become a horse dealer myself. Sometimes you earn more, sometimes less, but its honest money. I was already going to bed that night. I closed the shutters and pulled off my boots. Suddenly I put them on again and started out for Bysht. I walked with a heavy heart. I kept stopping and wanting to turn back. But I never did walk back—they brought me home in a wheelbarrow."

"What did they do it with? Sticks?" asked Leibush.

"Whatever they could lay their hands on. A whole village against one man . . ."

"I'll tell you the truth—it's a wonder you came out alive. This was before your day. There was a certain Itchele Nonie—that's what they called him because he had a long nose—and he went to Boyares to steal a horse. The peasants ambushed him and burned him alive. All that was left of him was a heap of ashes. The gravediggers' brotherhood had nothing to bury . . ."

"I know. I've heard of it. He had better luck than I."

"When did your wife die? I don't remember any more."

"Six months later."

"From all that trouble, eh?"

"No, from pleasure."

"Well, everything is fated. Everything is written out for us from above, to the last breath. As my grandmother used to say: Nobody is mightier than the Almighty."

"Who writes it all? God?"

"Not you."

"Where does he get so much paper?"

"Don't bother your head worrying about that."

"Man has his share of responsibility too."

"No, he hasn't . . ."

The poorhouse became quiet. Hodele the beggar moaned and muttered in her sleep. A cricket chirped once. Leibush Scratch resumed his snoring, whistling through his nose. Jonah the Thief asked:

"Do you still have a piece of cake? I have a bitter taste in my mouth . . ."

Bashe did not answer.

Translated from the Yiddish
By MIRRA GINSBURG

Before they started the correspondence excerpted here Herzl and Schnitzler, the celebrated Viennese writer and playwright, had known each other since their university days, but never intimately. The first letter published here conveys the atmosphere of their incipient relationship. Herzl was thirty-two years old, Schnitzler thirty. In the vigorous correspondence between them, which was to last for almost a decade we see Herzl in the full tide of his life as journalist, dramatist, and poet, almost wholly untouched, as yet, by that interest in Jewish affairs that was to dominate the last ten years of his life.

Excerpts from the Correspondence Between Theodor Herzl and Arthur Schnitzler (1892-1895)

(H)
Villa des Oeillets
(Calvados) France
29 July 1892

Dear Dr. Schnitzler,

Dr. Goldmann has given me great pleasure by acquainting me with your *Maerchen*. We were sitting at the time in the Press Gallery of the Palais Bourbon, which I have been brought to by the bizarre course of my life, and talking about Vienna, which with the sufferings and hardships it was so full of for me had begun fading away. Goldmann was delighted with this Vienna—city of his friends! He mentioned your name. I was rather startled at hearing you given so much praise. Permit me to say this. Though some of your pieces in dialogue, which radiate so much wit, were known to me I nevertheless did not share his opinion of your gifts.

You, personally, as a matter of fact, were downright distasteful to me. I had seen you latterly in the company of some of the professional "boys," and my previous encounters with you had given me a view of you as a conceited

figure trotting about in every kind of social frivolity.

That is how foolish and irresponsible our opinions can be. Something like this may have happened with you too—perhaps even with respect to me. In any case I am full of remorse over my snap judgment, and I apologized to you for everything when I read *Maerchen*. For we who know ourselves what torments exalt us to the creation of poetry can also have a clear vision of the human being who tells us something human. The deduction from the writing to the writer—at any rate with respect to the time of creation—is quite infallible. And as, moved, I read this fine work of yours, I had something of the same thought as the sentimental lover longing for his love: *O toi que j'eusse aimée—O toi qui le savais.*" Yes, really. You might have imagined long since that I would come to be fond of you if I had known of you what I do now.

Your not having looked me up, though I was living in your neighborhood, has now become for me a humiliation like that of not being invited to a party when others are; it would ad-

monish me to be humble if I needed the hint. For it is obvious that in those scribblings of mine that have appeared in more public places you never found a tone that went to your heart. You are, my dear Poet, too subtle not to find in this remark exactly what it is meant to contain.

It is to just such people as yourself that I have always wanted to speak. Evidently I never succeeded.

As for myself, my dear Schnitzler, I have already made my peace with myself. Things turned out badly and foolishly at a theatre I had an agreement with. Plays I believed in, and in which I had made an artistic effort, never appeared at all. When I descended to journeyman's work in a sort of avid despair I was produced—and jeered at. Whenever I think of my place in the German literary world—which happens extremely seldom—I'm bound to laugh with amusement. I'm a long way behind Trietsch. But I must tell you that I'm very far from having turned bitter because of it. We are trained by all the torments we undergo. And with a gay philosophy I never knew before, I contemplate the bustling in the market-place. The "youngsters," the "veterans," the realists, etc.—I don't give a damn.

But when I see a talent like yours blossoming I rejoice as though I had never been a *littérateur*, that is, a mean-spirited, intolerant, envious, malicious simpleton, I rejoice as I would over the violets down there in the garden waking up. Please don't take this patronizing tone of mine amiss, its superiority is not meant to be any more than that of an older brother. The way you write makes a definite claim of kinship on me, for it is just the way, my dear fellow, that I would surely have wished to be able to write myself.

If I'm not mistaken you're on the

right path. I definitely hope you're going to write the most charming comedies we've had since Sardou.

That is no slip of the pen. I don't mean the Sardou of the tricks, stage clowns, Sarah Bernhardt roles etc., but the one whose tone rings out in a number of spots in the lace-work. If you stand fast, and do not allow yourself to be led astray by the rabble of the theatre and the loutish critics, if you remain true to yourself—which I unfortunately did not—then you'll become the Alkandi whose song everyone willy-nilly will have to sing. You have a very sweet song in your throat, my dear Schnitzler, for God's sake don't do anything to coarsen it. Just stay true to yourself.

By that I don't mean that you ought to stay glued to the style of your *Anatole*. I know a number of those charming pieces (I'm counting on your sending me the book) and have already noticed a touch of self-complacency in your delightful scamp. I don't doubt for a moment that you'll liberate yourself from it and will soar higher, very high up.

I don't know how *Maerchen* will go on the stage. Perhaps badly. Don't let yourself be confused by that for a second. It's a good play, which the boorishness of first-nighters will be unable to pick apart. It will be said that it deals with a problem that is not novel, and with insufficient dramatic energy. The French in particular have exhausted such conflicts with all the necessary recklessness. I'll even admit to you that I too was not entirely "satisfied" by the ending—it is so true that we can never wholly withdraw ourselves from the coarseness and triviality of conventional opinions. I think I was expecting some dying at the end. But then I remembered the many engaging things that kept appearing from the beginning on to the flat end, and I

thought with gratitude: My beloved Poet after all!

Later, indeed, I even thought you were right. No matter how true to life the external details were, down to the point of using drawingroom Viennese patois (which I also attempted seven years ago, in a bad play) at bottom this comedy, or, if you like, play, doesn't give a damn for miserable reality. Its action takes place between dreaming and waking. And that is just what gives it its sweet charm for me. In this realm of mood, half-tones and twilight a clarifying solution of violence would really be foolish and disturbing. I think your emotion gave you the right insight. Rationality is wrong...

In a word, dear Schnitzler—I believe in you. And even if you never do anything but write for your own amusement you'll give the rest of us a great deal of pleasure. You can see in my own case a frightening example of where concessions lead to. To be sure, I could point to many circumstances in my life that would attenuate my blunders, but who has time to care for anything but the finished product?

Another thing I should wish is that you avoid the sewers of a coterie, avoid being coddled by petty praise, or vexed by meanspirited fault-finding. As a man of refinement you will sometimes find the slimy life of the theatre making your gorge rise. One spits it out and moves on ahead. Forward...

My most cordial regards,
Faithfully yours,
TH. HERZL

(S)
Vienna
5 August 1892

My most esteemed friend,

I must always have had some premonition after all that one day we would come closer together, that you

would even "praise" me: it is remarkable with what precision the individual stages in our shortlived acquaintance have remained in my memory. I still recall "the first time I saw you"—it was in the university reading-room. You were making a speech and were being "sharp"—so sharp! I found myself next to you and had the feeling that you were looking at me with a sort of mild sarcasm. You were smiling ironically—and I began to envy you. If only I could speak and smile in that way, I thought to myself. Soon afterwards I heard still more about you: in the coffee-house, which I frequented much more assiduously than I did the political discussions and electoral evenings in the reading-room, and where you enjoyed a considerable reputation as a domino-player... A number of wits were talking about your importance as a writer of three-act comedies. Do you want a proof of my literary-historical gift? I still remember exactly that Siegfried Wertheimer was the first one who spoke to me about Herzl the poet. Soon afterwards I made your personal acquaintance, and read two of your plays in manuscript: *Tabarin* and another one—wasn't it called *Die Aufgereagten*? Once again I envied you—"If only I could write plays like that"—(I mean, at that time, I quite definitely wrote much worse than you!). But all our student days faded away without our being able to find a relationship to each other—evidently, as your last letter demonstrates, because I was—too arrogant for you!

I once spoke to you at the Chamber, after both of us had already gotten our doctor's degrees: you were surrounded by a circle of pretty young women, and once again I "envied" you—I hope not entirely without grounds. And at that time, too, you were smiling ironically! And once again I left you with that mood of depression one has vis-a-vis

people who are outstripping one by twenty paces along the same road. But this recollection is associated with another, far beyond the realm of personalities, that in a history of modern literature would certainly deserve a place in a footnote. The new Burgtheater was still being built; we were strolling back and forth in front of the board fence on a late autumn evening. Of course we had run into each other accidentally—since even then we had not yet been favored with any intentional meetings. You said, with a modestly conquering look at the walls rising up; "I'll be in there one day!" Yes, my dear friend, that would have been the moment for me to revenge myself a hundredfold, with a cruelly mocking laugh, for your numerous ironical smiles—but I remained mute: I cannot help but admit that you impressed me then more than ever. You will be able to understand my telling this little tale, which has been elevated from a fact of life to the rank of an anecdote, to anyone who mentions the name Theodor Herzl. But it is so probable everyone thinks it's invented.

I also remember a last encounter with you, at some ball or other, on a night when, for a long time, a very long time, you had already been famous, while I, despairing of my professions—both of them!—and of being taken seriously by anybody, was trying to satisfy my ambition as "good company" and as a bohemian... I was in a particularly good mood that evening, and to my own mind unspeakably elegant. Then—you appeared. With tranquilly superior eyes you examined my cravat, and—destroyed me. Do you know what you said? "And I had considered you a—Brummell!!" I had the distinct sensation of falling from grace. It was clear that I had to learn how to make a better knot in my cravat, or at any rate achieve something eminent in

some other domain. In moments of boldness I was overweening enough to aspire toward both goals; will I ever have occasion to convince you of my gift for cravat-tying? And when I reflect now that you apparently couldn't have anything to do with me because I seemed—conceited! And of all people to you!...

I don't know whether I've succeeded with the above in saying to you just what I meant to: that there are really very few people in the world whose judgment I value as much as yours. From this you can estimate how much pleasure your friendly recognition has given me, and how agreeably I have been moved, particularly by the warm, generous tone in which you have spoken to me. But I cannot explain my having also become likeable to you personally by a mere acquaintance with my play; my friend Paul, the best and most amiable of men, has surely made his own contribution.

Let me say Adieu for today, dear friend; I beg you to remain assured of my heartfelt devotion for all time.

Yours,

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(S)

Grillparzerstrasse 7

Vienna

12 November 1892

Esteemed Friend,

First let me thank you heartily for your kind remarks, then say at once who Loris is. Curious that you haven't heard it from Goldmann. It is, unfortunately, not myself. First of all if it were I'd be twelve years younger, and secondly would have written *Gestern*, the finest one-acter in verse that has appeared in German for a very, very long time. This remarkable eighteen-year-old is going to be spoken of a very great deal. If you already think the in-

troductory verses to my *Anatole* worth "kissing" then I must forewarn you of the lascivious notions that might arise within you during the enjoyment of his other things. The gentleman's name is really Hugo von Hoffmansthal; he graduated in July and is studying law at Vienna University. You must know... with what scant literalness that is to be taken. If I must anticipate his biography I'll also tell you that I'm having supper with him tonight, after the *Musotte* premiere, and shall tell him of your friendly interest. For the rest ask Goldmann about him after all—he was the one who discovered him!

You want me to tell you something about the arts in Vienna? Well, the literary movement is summed up by the fact that in the Wiedener Theatre or in the Carl Theater couplets are sung against naturalism ("brutal!" "scandalous!"), that there are no new publishers and no new plays, but a great many coffee-houses in which all the writers who haven't been able to think of anything in the morning exchange their thoughts in the afternoon. If two of them sit down together they are called a clique, and if three sit down together then they actually are one. People don't believe either in themselves or in anyone else—and they're generally right. An article of yours from some time ago has just occurred to me: the "Coffee-house of the New Tendency"—wasn't that it? If you have the occasion of sending it to me... it would give me a great deal of pleasure. And I have a longing for another piece of yours—*Tabarin*. But now I must give vent to a very special request (I'm sure you'll supply the introductory phrases yourself): I should very much like to see those plays of yours that you yourself set some store by, and that haven't been produced. You will satisfy my literary and per-

sonal interest equally in heeding this request...

Warmest greetings,
Faithfully yours,
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(H)
8, rue de Monceau
Paris
16 November 1892

Most esteemed friend,

The impression your letter gives is one of Viennese discouragement. I know all about it. It's cured by a change of location.

The other discouragement is my own. I've altered my life. That is why I am not acceding to your very friendly request and sending anything of my own. I cannot regard the request as anything more than a friendly gesture, after all, and you will find it understandable that despite the insight of maturity I am still not so free of vanity as to ascribe my being read to nothing more than reciprocity.

Yes, my dear Schnitzler, there are already people about who are ten or twelve, or even fifteen years younger than we, and are already accomplished artists. I'm well aware that there is some melancholy in that; but we must keep our spirits up.

You in particular are like the young women who do not come out in society until quite late. One glances past their thirty years—you must take this in a good sense.

If, as you wrote last summer, you were always seeing me a certain distance ahead of you on the road, then this lead of mine has been paid for by fatigue, and today, as I've said, I already am sitting on a stone along the highway and letting the others go past me.

Farewell! Send me everything you produce; I'm sincerely interested in it;

it is only because I have no opportunity here to follow the new developments in German literature without some assistance, else I would not wait for you to send me your works. I should very much like to see Hoffmannsthal's things. Couldn't you get them for me?...

Warmest greetings,
TH. H.

(S)

Vienna

30 December 1892

Most esteemed friend,

My most heartfelt New Year's greetings! I send them to you with special pleasure, for in looking over the events of the past year I feel that the letter in which you declared yourself to be such a benevolent spectator of *Maerchen* while at the same time clearing up a number of misunderstandings in our preceding relations, is one of the warmest and most fruitful of my experiences in '92. I am still not anchored firmly enough in my own self-esteem not to feel kindness like yours with special force. It perplexes me all the more since you still seem to have a certain amount of mistrust for me. The reasons you give for declining my request for a number of your works have led me to make this comment. You yourself, my good and dear friend, do not balk at my "reciprocal" recognition, and for my part I think I can be shielded against the suspicion of taking an interest in your manuscripts because of any need to distribute retaliatory amiabilities. Your having written some dramatic things you still consider good emerges with assurance from one of your letters, and if ten or twelve years ago you would have had no doubt of my interest in your plays there can be no doubt of it today either. It would be very nice indeed, after all, if the for-

mula we both set up at the beginning of our correspondence as its rubric were to give rise to some content as well. Let us agree that we have no reason whatever to correspond with each other in mere phrases, and that every sentence that one of us writes obligates the other to believe it. This is of course not a form of extortion, as though you absolutely had to send me something now, but it is a request that you undertake to see in my remarks to you something more than politeness...

And now farewell; be assured of my sincere and cordial esteem.

Yours,

ARTH. SCHNITZLER

(H)

Paris,

2 January 1893

Dear Friend,

If you had not sent me a New Year's letter—and a very kind one at that—I should have delayed my reply until I had time...

My manuscripts! I've forgotten them. The only thing I retain from the practice of art is some love of art, and on some days or at odd hours a nostalgia for poetry. Journalists do not go unpunished...

Sometimes I seem to remind myself of David Copperfield and the stenographer—do you recall that magnificent passage?—sometimes I regard myself as a supreme court judge. Looking at politics is really interesting nowadays.

I think there's going to be a revolution here, and if I don't get away to Brussels in time perhaps they'll shoot me, as a bourgeois, or a German spy, or a Jew, or a financier—and all the while I'm nothing more than a superannuated highwire artist.

If I had the time I think I could write a remarkable book about what

I've seen in Paris. Its political conclusion would be: the best thing for the people is a benevolent tyrant. To be sure, it was Renan who invented this.

I'm not telling you this *pour rompre les chiens*—if I find an old box somewhere with some old manuscripts I'll send you an old play.

Warmest greetings, your friend
HERZL

(H)
Paris,
4 May 1893

My dear Friend,

I was very shaken at reading in the paper that your father is dead.

What a poor thing our words are, when we face a really great grief...

Your devoted,
TH. HERZL

(S)

My most esteemed friend,
My deepest thanks for your friendly sympathy: my family also thank you most warmly! One must express one's thanks in words that never change, but just as I felt a sympathetic vibration in myself at the expression of your sympathy I should like to hope that you will read into my own expression of gratitude more than the chilly acknowledgement intended for everyone...

Warmest regards,
Yours,
ARTH. SCHNITZLER

(H)
Paris,
19 May 1893

My dear friend,

Forgive my lengthy delay, and my not having carried out your friendly request.

How serious my resolution must be,

not to disinter my plays, when I fail to fetch them out even on your amiable and repeated request; I really have no desire to have anything further to do with myself.

Where will you be this summer? I shall be spending my vacation in Austria this year. My wife is expecting a child. As soon as she can travel I shall bring her with my three children to Baden near Vienna to spend the summer...

Farewell, and write!

Your devoted,
TH. HERZL

(S)
Vienna,
13 June 1893

Dear Friend,

It would be an immense pleasure to see you in Vienna this summer. I myself shall scarcely be able to leave, except for the period between the middle of August and September, when I must place myself in the service of the fatherland—i. e., do my army term...

The clinic, my practice, and the medical journal I am running take up a great deal of my time, but give me a certain amount of inner freedom. The practice takes up time actually even when one has no patients, that is the bother; if instead of one or two people 16-20 turned up, there would scarcely be anything else that could be done, and nevertheless it would have its advantages...

I must congratulate you on the *Fluechtling* in Berlin. My respect keeps going up generally for people who get produced, since I've seen now what a long road stretches between acceptance and production. In Prague I stumbled over the ethical feelings of the director, Dr. Schleinger, who was indignant about my *Maerchen*. In Berlin I am the target of vigorous contempt; no answer is sent to my polite or to my—other let-

ters. You once wrote me that "one spits it out and moves on ahead." You are so right! But oddly enough the spitting out and moving on ahead doesn't help any either. What the directors and suchlike think is "one wipes it off and finagles on ahead." They're the wiser ones; all they lose is a handkerchief, but we lose our lungs...

Faithfully yours,
DR. ARTH. SCHNITZLER

(H)
Paris,
15 June 1893

Dear Friend,

My darling third child—a girl, her name is Greterl—will soon be four weeks old. My wife has almost completely recovered, and we're thinking of a trip (to Vienna) if nothing interferes. My oldest girl has been ill since yesterday. The doctor told us last night it might be measles. Today he thinks it may not come to that. But she still has a high fever.

In any case we spent a sleepless night. My poor wife sat up in an arm-chair. I had put my little boy to bed in the study, to prevent his catching it in case it wasn't too late. The rascal kept kicking up a shindig all night; it wasn't until I promised him a thrashing without fail that he grew quiet and said, "Not cry, sweet again!" He's two years old.

Children are always happiness and fear together; both reasons make life precious...

I'd like to go to the theater in Vienna a few times before we go to Baden. I no longer know how the lieutenant falls in love with the girl and vice-versa. I admit it: I'm longing once again for our home-grown imbecility.

It's a very odd business with the *Fluechtling*. My first success in Berlin. When I heard of it a few days after-

wards I got out the book, read it, and was appalled by the vulgar language; the only thing I was delighted by was what the refined critics had censured; the jealous lover's sneeze. That is a magnificently stagey notion, because at this point there isn't any time to prevent the audience's taking the argument seriously even through a single word, and in order to display the anxiety of Margaret, who's the crux of the matter, the twist has to be comic.

What do you say to the nonchalance with which I praise myself? This tells you more clearly than anything else that I'm speaking of the departed. Don't misjudge the production of the *Fluechtling*. It shouldn't embarrass you any more than the successes of the usual hacks. Understand life!

This is the *Fluechtling* story. In 1887 I wanted to take a trip to Italy. There was damned little money around for travel. Groller (of the *Illustrierte Zeitung*) was charming enough to tell me at the time that I should write some kind of play for him. Just then the notion of this one-acter flashed through my head. I sat down and dashed it off, I think in three days. I already wanted to be on my way. I can no longer recall very clearly whether I got any advance. I suspect I did, since I left and went on writing as far as Naples. (My kind-hearted father, to be sure, also contributed something.) This piece of froth, which I handed in to the Burgh-theater as I did all my plays, was accepted—I can't think why, certainly for no literary reason—and then lay around for two years. Foerster became director. I was on the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. I had a disagreeable colleague in the office, a malicious fool, who molested me whenever he could and with whom I was not even on greeting terms. He wrote a spiteful review of Foerster's son. Foerster thought that my "comrade" had wanted to revenge me for

not having been produced and put on the *Fluechtling* in a fright.

Farcical, what? The Berlin story of the *Fluechtling* is even better. You know that I had one of the most humiliating flops of the Berlin Theater with my play *Der Bernhardiner*—not my worst piece, which to be sure isn't saying anything.

It was a comedy, and Barnay, wanting to tailor himself a role in it, played it as a drama. It was a veiled satire on sentimentality and on all those half-people that let themselves be ruled by "what people say." All these intentions were transformed into their opposites, and for that matter under my own eyes. I was weak enough to say yes to everything, but above all I was financially weak. I needed the production.

Barnay was well aware that I had written and told him my play *Was Wird Man Sagen?* was a comedy, and that I wanted it played that way. He also saw how courageously and silently I bore the entire failure alone, without protest. In any case I might have knocked together an article out of my disfigured play. But after this defeat I adopted the proper bearing, which I had never done before. It would have been tasteless and cowardly to put the blame on others.

But when all Berlin and everything behind it—that is, all the German theatres—naturally regarded me as an incompetent idiot far beneath Trietsch, Barnay alone was aware of the injustice I was tranquilly enduring. Well, in spite of this he turned down a play of mine through which I might have had my revenge, even though his directors recommended it for production: the artistic comedy that was put on in the Carltheater under the bad title of *Prinzen aus Genieland*, and was not, I think, killed by the farce-players.

Barnay is now giving up his theatre. He is evidently putting his house in

order before starting off again on his travels. Perhaps he thinks journalists mustn't be allowed to go about unrecconciled—and is putting my little play on as the final novelty of his regime. You must understand life, my friend!

I have not thanked him for his attention, which has doubtless surprised him very much. But how surprised he would be if he knew that I have forgiven, if not forgotten everything. And that it is just this mistake of his that shields him forever against the steel of my pen. These people don't know that we journalists do not turn our newspapers to our personal advantage.

Yes, I could tell you a great deal, including things about the farce contest and other contemptible behavior on the part of the German Volkstheater in Vienna. It's taken a long time for me to be broken by these jackals of the theater. They would never have managed it if I had not concerned myself with them but written as I wanted to... I tell you this for you to take a lesson from my case. Snap your fingers at the rabble. Write *only* what you like. With your talent you will be bound by some inner necessity to see public success too at some not far-distant day...

Au revoir in Vienna.

Your friend,

TH. HERZL

I need not tell you that everything in this letter has been written *for you alone*.

(S)

Vienna,

21 June 1893

Esteemed friend,

I hope your family are all well and that the measles has spared your eldest. So you are coming to Vienna? I repeat my request that at some point let me know how long you'll be staying etc.,

etc. It's not impossible that I may go to Ischl with my poor Mama at the beginning of July for 10-14 days; moreover a little mountain air would not be exactly superfluous for me, since I've been suffering from a largely nervous cough which I can't get rid of, since the painful excitements of the spring. In addition I've now flung myself into sport, and have been riding a bicycle for a few days. I'm writing these lines with a stiff arm and a stiff leg—can the latter be noticed also?—I saw your *Prinzen aus Genieland* here in the Carl-theater: if you were not completely killed it wasn't the murderers but the Princes themselves who were responsible: for altogether it was played abominably. I liked the piece very much; it was like an aroma of 1840; it may belong to those of your theatrical pieces that have the most spring-time in them. To be sure it does have a great many obscurities in it; what I found most annoying about it—insofar as my recollection doesn't deceive me—was the excessively sentimental and obvious way in which the basic idea (I think in Act III) was expressed, instead of being conveyed by the whole of the play, through its characters and through the very progression...

Your stories about Barnay, the *Fluechtling* etc. interested and touched me: I think such adventures of ambition and talent and honor more touching than empty stomachs and than many an idyllic love affair...

Faithfully yours,
ARTH. SCHNITZLER

(H)

Paris,

8 November 1894

My dear Schnitzler,

For the business at hand what I need is a gentleman and an artist. I thought of you. This is what it's about:

I've written a new play—in a burst of intoxication you will perceive from the time it took. The first act was begun on 21 October, the fourth and last was finished on 8 November. Seventeen days. Whether it has turned out good or bad—I don't know. Who ever does?

But the mood I was in during the writing and afterwards is now stronger than ever. It consists of a passionate desire to communicate my work to the world, and the far more passionate desire to hide, and to bury myself. It is arrogance, cowardice, or shame, what you will. It is a fact...

Accordingly, I don't want to be known as the author, at least not for the time being, and not for some months or years. For this I need the assistance of a fireproof and waterproof friend, who will give me his formal word of honor to keep silent and not to betray by so much as a hint what he knows until I acquit him, with equal formality, of this word of honor of his.

Will you do this?

I must tell you in advance that it will be bound up with a certain amount of hardship for yourself. If the pseudonym is to remain impenetrable an entire fiction will have to be invented and executed.

I want to choose a very ordinary name as pseudonym, for instance Albert Schnabel. This Albert Schnabel has been living in Vienna and is now going to Italy to carry on his studies in art. He submits the play to the Deutsches Theater in Berlin—the postal parcel is despatched from Vienna—with the following letter accompanying it: The management is requested to decide on its acceptance within the space of four weeks. If it accepts the play the production must take place within two months. The contract is to be sent to the properly empowered Viennese notary or lawyer X. Y. If there is a rejection it is requested that it be sent

with this same accompanying letter to the Lessing Theater, to which the same conditions will apply. If that turns it down too, then the play is to go to the Berlin Theater, then to the Neues Theater. If none of the regular theaters wants to play it then it is to be given to the Freie Bühne. If that turns it down too, then the play is to be sent back to the lawyer or notary. Then it will appear in print. It is not to be submitted in Vienna.

What do you say to all this?

If you indicate your willingness to back me up please give me the name of a notary or lawyer in whom you have complete confidence. You will be the only one to see him. He will know only you and will forward to you all accounts coming to him.

In this way no one will know who the author is. I like that very much. Nor is it impractical, for since I can never use any influence I might draw from the newspaper on my own behalf... it is a matter of indifference whether my name figures on the play. Indeed, even when a play signed by me is produced somewhere a great many people believe nevertheless that I've "arranged it." On the other hand I shan't have to contend with prejudices arising out of my previous work.

Thus this decision of mine has been considered from many angles. It was my pleasure during those happy seventeen days to spin out this romance of authorship above, beneath, and side by side with the play.

Perhaps I've made another mistake? ... Question mark.

It may be stupid of me not to use the same base methods as others in forcing the management rabble to play me. If I were convinced that my works were worth it then I should, out of a loftier artistic ethic, have recourse to means that repel me. But I lack this conviction—the giddiness of creation is

something else again—and without such conviction it would merely be base.

Answer this by registered letter—and say nothing if you don't wish to cooperate. But if you do then I have a right not only to your silence, but also to all your guile and caution, down to the smallest detail, so that what you and I *alone* know will remain a complete secret.

Cordially,
TH. H.

(S)
Vienna,
10 November 1894

Dear and esteemed friend,

First of all I congratulate you on having finished your play, which even during its creation fulfilled the mission that is so difficult to fulfill with self-critical spirits like your own: of giving you a lofty, noble mood...

It goes without saying that I am at your disposal in every way and with the greatest of pleasure. I've already thought of a notary as representative: *Schick*. Do you know him?... I see him frequently nowadays and his reliability is beyond question. In any case, for that matter, there's no need for your name to be mentioned to him.

But there are some things to be considered.

Let us assume the management really makes a decision within four weeks: will it then, in case of rejection, also forward the play to the other theatre? Of course we know how easy this is, but it must be remembered that there is nothing more careless, inconsiderate, and shameless than the management of a theatre. This carelessness, lack of consideration and shamelessness is infinitely heightened the moment they are dealing with someone unknown. Therefore it seems to me that the forwarding of the play from one theater

to another cannot legitimately be depended on. In addition, there is the consideration that a play's past is also a sort of Nordau circle, that is, the Neues Theater, for instance, may first of all be offended at having been thought of after the others and at the same time have a prejudice against a play that has been turned down two or three times.

Might it not be more practical, even though more laborious, to have the play go on being sent back to the notary? Another thing: I can imagine the given management actually coming to a decision within four weeks—though here the only thing that can be appealed to is the decency of managements, in other words a highly imaginary quantity—but I can scarcely imagine that any management would undertake the obligation to produce a submitted play within the succeeding two months. This condition in fact gives them far too cheap an excuse.

It's difficult to decide whether the idea of a pseudonym in and for itself is propitious. You must, after all, assume that the work will have so powerful an effect even on managers that etc., etc. This letter already contains so much about managers that it is scarcely necessary to spare you the last and saddest characterization; they do not, after all, have much understanding for the merit of a genuine play. Blumenthal might have a certain flair for theatricality. Brahm is masterful with principles and chilly formalism; I don't regard him as having any depth of understanding. Lautenburg is simply a muttonhead. The Freie Bühne I don't think is in existence any longer. If there were a direct and natural relationship between the value of a play and its acceptance, to be sure, none of this would have to be discussed. And you, my dear friend, know everything I've said above just as well as I do, but

it's easy to drop into small talk.

I don't need to assure you that Mr. Albert Schnabel can count on me just as much as Dr. Theodor Herzl. Just send me your play as quickly as possible.

I've written a play too. Between 13 September and 4 October. And it has only three acts. I hope I shall soon be able to tell you something favorable about it...

Faithfully yours,
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(H)
Paris,
13 November 1894

My dear Schnitzler,

I didn't doubt for a moment that you would go along with me. My heartiest thanks for your willingness... You are and will remain until my release the only one familiar with Albert Schnabel's secret. Even in my family no one knows anything at all about it. Women cannot be silent, and a secret must depend on two people at most.

I won't give you any requests in detail about the preservation of the secret; that from now on you keep all my letters under lock and key etc. No one is to know who Albert Schnabel is, not even the notary, to whom moreover I am giving my full confidence, on your word. Of course you will secure his written word of honor that he too will not give your name to anyone, for then people would gradually get on to the trail...

First of all I want your opinion of Albert Schnabel's four-act play, *Das Ghetto*. In this particular case you must tell me the truth with the maximum of brutality. If you think it's no good—out with it!... I am already living inside the Schnabel-fiction, and neither praise nor blame will drive me out of it. My idea is to write 4-5 plays in this

way during the next 4-5 years, and during this time to let myself be despised as a journalist or toadied to by hucksters . . .

As for your worries about the theatrical managers, I don't share them . . . I shall force their backs to the wall straight off. I shouldn't be able to do that as functionary of an influential newspaper, that would look like blackmail, but the unknown Albert Schnabel can do it with complete purity and forthrightness. My pseudonym is good for that too. Two days after sending off the manuscript I shall post the following letter (for forwarding) to the first manager: "To the managers of the theaters mentioned below. The author is submitting his work to the first manager, then to the second, etc. Various reasons may prevent one manager or another from producing it. In that case he is to send it on. Those who get it later should recall that many works that were successful later were at first turned down, and read it without prejudice. If no one accepts it then it will be published together with this letter and with the names of the managers who have turned it down. Up to now dramatists, out of incomprehensible good-nature or a feeling of humiliation, have kept silent about their rejections. The author would like to introduce something novel into this: the responsibility of the theatrical managers. Anyone who rejects a play ought to answer for it. Any fairminded man and anyone guided by literary considerations will have no reason to be afraid of this. But the blunders of the theatrical managers also ought to become known . . . the public would then learn what has been rejected after already knowing what had been put on. The author."

This is how I shall carry this out, my dear friend, to the very end. Ultimately the play will be printed—but I think a stage will also be found for it. I don't

know whether it is a good play, but I feel it is one that is needed.

What do you say?

Faithfully

Th. H.

(S)

Vienna,

17 November 1894

Dear Friend,

You have created a new milieu for the theater with your play, and have created a cluster of characters that have the breath of life. And *new* characters—a number of which no one would have ventured on until now. The best figures are those that speak for themselves, quite naively; you've done a first-rate portrait in just a few strokes. Charlotte, for instance; Wassermann is excellent; he will be bound to be traced back to yourself very often. But toward the end he lapses into the mistake of your chief character: he explains himself. You underestimate your skill at characterization: Mr. Wassermann is known long before he starts talking about himself.

Something similar must be said about the play as a whole. It has so much authentic life and is so natural in its development that you might well dispense with a great many *petty designs in the execution* that confuse the *grand design of the content*. In this sense what I object to most is the final sentence put in the mouth of the dying Jacob Samuel. You ought to let him die in silence—his death says more, says it better, and in my own opinion expresses something quite different from what the dying man himself says. The dying man says: "Jews, my brothers, they won't allow you to live again until you know how to die." But what his death itself says is: This poor devil and noble spirit must let himself be shot down by some miserable bully simply because—he was born a Jew!

There was a time when Jews were burned by the thousands at the stake. They knew how to die. And they were not allowed to live—because of that. In this way your drama, after striking out with splendid assurance on its own path, slips into a wrong course...

It is not true at all that in the ghetto you're thinking of all Jews run about oppressed or inwardly sordid. There *are* others—and it is just *they* that are worst hated by anti-Semites. Something like this ought to be said in the play too. Your play is bold—I should like it to be defiant as well. Above all don't allow your hero to die with such resignation...

Your piece ought to be theatrically effective—insofar as that can be foreseen—but as to whether a theater will have the courage to put it on? But we can speak of that later... I cannot conceal from you my heartfelt satisfaction at once again being able to read an "original" of yours after so many years.

My best regards and thanks.

Yours always,
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(H)
8, rue de Monceau,
Paris,
17 December 1894

My dear friend,

...I don't think there are too few "sympathetic" characters. And even if there were, am I to falsify my misanthropy? Am I to see and show marvelously noble people precisely where no one will believe me? No, my friend, that will not do. I have no desire to emasculate myself any further for the sake of success. I have absolutely no desire to defend or "save" the [Jews], all I want to do is to set up the question for discussion with as much power as possible! Let the critics and the public defend or accuse. As long as I am

staged the goal will be achieved. Nothing that happens afterwards matters a damn. I snap my fingers at money, though I have almost none, and at fame, though I have none at all. I haven't the smallest intention of being a likeable poet. I want to express myself—from my liver, from my heart. As soon as this play is out in the world my heart and liver will feel more at ease.

But what your poetic subtlety has singled out correctly is this: the play has a number of other plays hovering around it in confusion. These plays have also been alive in me with such strength and for such a long time that on shaking itself loose the play itself was spotted a little. I shall just have to erase these impurities. Greater songs still lie asleep on the brassy strings. If someday I achieve the liberty of a day-laborer these greater things will make their appearance. I still have a whole springtime inside me—perhaps it will still come blossoming out...

Warmest greetings,
TH. H.

(S)
Vienna
19 December 1894

Dear Friend,

... About the sympathetic characters. I didn't want them for theatrical reasons, but simply on the grounds of truth. There *are* more sympathetic characters, even in the circles depicted by the author. And you must think, after all, of the powerful, resonant title of the drama, that will arouse expectations of finding everything in it that actually does belong there. Now, *everything* is obviously impossible dramatically; but the illumination will have to be completely right. And that's where I happen to have just this impression—of its being too opaque. I've already

remarked on just what characters I should have liked to see in the play; I remember extremely well that I never wrote that only "marvelously noble people" ought to be shown...

We're soon going to get a look at *Tabarin* now; I'm very eager. I have such pleasant recollections of it. Are you really coming to Vienna? For just a one-acter—of course that won't be enough for you! I should like to enter the Burgtheater with one act!

Faithfully yours,
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(H)

8, rue de Monceau,
Paris
23 December 1894

My dear friend,

Sent off I and II to you yesterday. Please read the Vednik scene through before it's copied and let me know if you find anything wrong with the dialect. In any case please substitute "shoot" for "explode." The former will have more of a popular, working-class effect.

Have the typist set to work at once. III and IV will follow very soon. Then the title page and the accompanying letter. You're right: it's better to buy a nicely bound copy-book, but it must have enough pages. The total number of such pages for my small handwriting will come to between 75 and 80...

Warmest greetings,
Yours truly,
HERZL

(S)

Vienna
26 December 1894

Dear Friend,

The work is in progress. I thought the dialect came off first-rate; the effect of the scene is very assured. The sug-

gested correction has been made ("shoot") but I left it in the participle form (exploded)*...

Warmest greetings,
Yours truly,
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

* Is that right?

(H)

Cabinet de lecture
Passage de l'Opéra, Paris
4 January 1895

Dear Friend,

... Please let me know after you send off the manuscript and the letter what you've laid out for me to date.

We shall have to agree on a wire code in case of acceptance, which for the time being is still remote. My impatience demands the telegraph.

Please use this form to wire me if the play is accepted in the Lessing Theatre: DETAILED REPORT ON PROGRESSIVE TAX MORITZ MORIZ.

Rejection by the Lessing Theater: REQUEST FOR SUBSCRIPTION RESULT MORIZ.

If you've sent it to the Deutsches Theater first the same form is to be used for the Deutsches Theater. We'll make arrangements for future codes. If no radical changes are requested you can use the formula of acceptance.

Cordial regards,
Faithfully yours,
TH. HERZL

(S)

Vienna
7 January 1895

My dear friend,

Das Ghetto was sent off today. To the Deutsches Theater. This is also more advantageous because the Lessing Theater and the Berlin Theater now have the same manager—Blumenthal.

The play is very well written; the memo containing the bill, which in accordance with your wishes I am enclosing, is that of the copyist—it will calm you on this score. The accompanying letter has been pasted in before the beginning (*also copied out, of course*). I've read through the final copy of the play very carefully, underlined things in accordance with your instructions and made all the petty corrections required by slight oversights of the copyist. The secret is completely preserved; I haven't mentioned your name to Mr. Schick either, and thus, unless you've initiated someone else, I am the only living person beside yourself who knows who the author is...

Tomorrow letter No. II will be sent to the Deutsches Theater. So—lots of luck! I'm very hopeful. You've succeeded in writing a "literary" play that at the same time is good theater. You know what my first impression was: this time I liked the play much more; the real-life quality of the characters seemed to me more insistent, and there is a whole series of scenes in it that are not only moving in a human way but ought to be gripping on the stage as well... It'll be difficult to cast—people! people!—... It really is a play one can take pleasure in, a slice of the life that is round about us; a play about a man who is altogether vital with actions that are violent yet purposeful, directed and yet manifold.

What a master of form you are! Your latest article was incomparable. The way one sees these people, hears them—there is no one that can etch lines with such sharpness, that can delineate characters in such a way.

Farewell, dear friend! The most faithful wishes accompany your play to Berlin.

Yours,

ARTH. SCHNITZLER

(H)

9 January 1895

My dear friend,

My heartfelt gratitude for everything!

In this last letter of yours, even more strongly than in your previous ones, I was aware of a feeling of warmth. Believe me when I say that I completely reciprocate this sympathy. I rejoice at having made you my confidant. You are the only one. No one, no one, no one, has even an inkling of it. There have been two occasions here when the temptation to unbosom myself was strong. The first with Beer, the sculptor, who was making my bust. It was in fact at his place that the play came into being: during a sitting I once got very excited explaining the Jewish question in Austria. This kept on powerfully fermenting in me as I went away. On the way home the entire play formed in my mind. The following day I said to him: "Beer, if I weren't a day-laborer nowadays but could settle down in Ravello, above Amalfi, for two weeks, I should write a play."

He put on an expression that seemed incredulous. The third day I stayed away from the sitting and kept away until the play was finished. When I returned I had an uncommon itch to tell him about it and read it to him. But I resisted and explained my absence by newspaper business.

The second temptation was Nordau, who's a very good friend to me and in his downright love of truth would surely have told me all the mistakes—those he could have detected. Recently, when he read aloud to me his latest piece, I was torn once again. But my mind had been made up. A real secret cannot depend on more than two people. That's how it will remain.

I offer you the manuscript you have now as a gift. If the play is a success,

which I don't think impossible, it will be a pleasant memory for you in 10-20 years. And if it fails, like all my previous attempts, then let it remind you later on of the beginning of our friendship, which I hope will endure...

Warmest regards,
Faithfully yours,
TH. H.

(S)

30 January 1895

Dear friend,

... This morning Schick sent me the accompanying note. An initial disappointment; let us hope that it will be the last with respect to the play. I need say nothing more, after all: we are both in the midst of it all and know that nowhere less than in the preliminaries to a production does a deep relationship exist between luck and merit. Accordingly, I only wish a happy accident will happen this time, and that your success with the next theater will stand in direct relationship to the value of the drama. Blumenthal may have a more subtle flair for what is required by the age and in the theater; it is really scarcely thinkable that a genuine showman will not at least perceive what is theatrically effective in your play...

Faithfully yours,
ARTH. SCH.

(H)

16 February 1895

My dear Schnitzler,

I see nothing in the offing. It seems to me I shall have to start wearing crepe on my arm again. When is Blumenthal's time limit up? If the three weeks have gone by already please have the following written him, as coming from the agreed on person:

"Dear Sir,

The time allowed you to declare yourself with respect to the acceptance of my play *Das Ghetto* has gone by. I beg you to send back the manuscript to Mr. F. Schick, Vienna III, Reissnergasse No.2/

Respectfully yours,
Dr. Albert Schnabel."

Then it will be time for the last act of this drama of submission: the Raimundtheater. What are your relations with Mueller-Guttenbrunn? Can you go to him and say: "I've got a play by Schnabel here, can you read it quickly?"

If he takes it should he, perhaps, be taken into our confidence? What is your opinion? Mueller is utterly repugnant to me, which I hope is mutual. But I consider him a very decent human being nevertheless, and I think he's very fair toward enemies also. Out with your view of it.

What did I tell you in advance! This is the disgusting nausea after the intoxication of creation. *Basta*.

Why do I hear nothing of your own play? Why don't you send it to me? Haven't I drawn close enough to you during our conspiratorial maneuvering of the last few months? I need a good friendship very much. It's almost got to the point of my advertising: "Man in the prime of life is looking for a friend, to whom he can fearlessly confide all his weaknesses and absurdities." The way the French papers put it: *on demande un ami désintéressé*.

I don't know whether it's because I'm too mistrustful or too shy, or because my eyes are too keen—I can't find a single one among my acquaintances here. One is too stupid, the other too treacherous, the third chafes me on the sorest spot by exploiting acquaintances for self-advancement...

I've reread the above: I must seem

to you naive. Never mind, I'm too lazy to start the letter all over again.

Farewell! I'd like to be in some Sicilian fishing-village, in a good English hotel up on the mountain. During the day I should go walking by myself, along the sea and in the hills. I should have lovely, lonely thoughts then, and not the desire to secure someone's approval by writing something down. I should look on at the fishermen mending their nets, which has always been of passionate interest to me. In the evening, after a good dinner, I should sit in the drawing-room where the young English misses of the day would be carrying on amorous flirtations with other young people, and I'd benevolently contemplate it all.

But I cannot. I sit in Paris, go to the Palais Bourbon, to the boring theaters, get annoyed about colleagues, and am not, perhaps, worth any more than they are.

Farewell, my dear friend,

Yours,
HERZL

(H)

Palais Bourbon, Paris
18 February 1895

My dear friend,

I'm quite cooled off by now, so today I received the second "subscription result" without any particular pain. Your task is nearing its end, and my manuscript the grave.

Please do the following for me now. As soon as you get the manuscript back from Berlin please take it to Mueller-Guttenbrunn. He is so unbearable that you are probably on bad terms with him; but so decent that he will handle even an enemy's manuscript with care...

You or Schick should please say the following: the author, who lives in Munich, has submitted the play to the

Deutsches Theater and the Lessing Theater in Berlin. Both have turned it down. Now he's submitting it to the Raimundtheater. But he's already so nervous because of the waiting that he is asking for a decision within *eight* days...

If Mueller turns it down the play will go off on its final journey—Prague. I have a friend living there, Teweles, the playwright for the Prague Theater. He'd have to be initiated.

As soon as I receive your wire with the "subscription result" I shall write him, ask for his word of honor to secure his silence, and then ask you to send him the manuscript and also go on remaining in communication with him, since no trace must lead to me from the theatrical offices. One of the secondary reasons for my incognito was that I did not wish—*à mon âge!*—to collect any rejects from theatrical managers. I've managed to achieve at least that.

For young authors such as our Albert there remains the interesting problem whether this affair might have taken another turn if my reputation in journalism had been known.

Perhaps the play is so bad that not even pressure from my newspaper would have helped. Perhaps what you said about my play was not quite right. Beware, I shall finally end up by reproaching you — ...

Cordially yours,
TH. H.

(H)

23 June 1895

My dear friend,

Thanks for your letter. The piece is lying in Prague; no decision has been reached as yet. The whole thing has now receded into the background of my consciousness.

But you were right that time in seeing with your sage eyes that I could not discharge my heart or my soul of this matter through one single eruption.

During the past weeks, since I stopped writing to you, something different, new, much greater has shot up within me; it seems to me a mountain of basalt, perhaps because I am so shaken and because what has come into being is still glowing so fearfully. Weeks of the most extravagant fever of creativity, during which I have sometimes been afraid of going mad.

For the time being there are only outlines for a project—they already come to a full book...

In any case this work is of the greatest importance for myself and for my future life—perhaps for other people as well. What makes me suppose that I have drafted something worthwhile is the fact that throughout I have never thought of myself in a literary way for a single second, but kept thinking of others who are in the midst of deep suffering.

Another few days of work and the project will be so finished that it can no longer go astray, even though circumstances may hinder me in its detailed execution...

Do you know that charming poem of Heyse's "To the Artist", which I often quote?

"fearful he might depart o'er night
before the work was launched
aright."

That's the mood I'm in.

I have deposited the sheaf of my notes in the Comptoir d'Escompte, in Box No. 6, Compartment 2. To open

it you have to turn each one of the three knobs seven times to the right. Someone ought to know this, in case I "depart o'er night."

That one is now yourself.

Do I seem to you excited? I am not. I've never been in such a happy mood of exaltation. I am not thinking of dying, but of a life full of manly deeds, which will expunge and eliminate everything base, wanton, and confused that has ever been in me, and will reconcile everyone with me, just as I have reconciled myself with everyone by means of this work.

Most cordial greetings,
Your friend,
HERZL

Translated from the German

by JOEL CARMICHAEL

(Translator's Note: *This "mountain of basalt," which produced such an "extravagant fever of creativity" in Herzl, was, of course, the Jewish State, which was published that year. From this time on Herzl became more and more absorbed in this last and greatest project of his career; his theatrical and journalistic interests receded into the background. It is of course also true that he never gave up his connections with his Viennese newspaper, the Neue Freie Presse, and until a few years before his death in 1904 his correspondence with Schnitzler continued. But something arising out of his preoccupation with the renaissance of the Jewish people had now given his life an altogether different direction, and his relations with Schnitzler gradually became confined to quasi-technical matters such as the publication of Schnitzler's pieces in the Neue Freie Presse etc.)*

RITCHIE CALDER, former science editor of the *London Chronicle*, is chairman of The Science Writers of Great Britain.

The Weizmann Institute of Science

By RITCHIE CALDER

WHEN DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN was nearing his seventieth birthday, in 1944, a group of his friends in the United States wanted to make him a gift. When he was consulted his reply was: "For myself, I need and want nothing, but, if you wish, you may do something for the expansion of the Sieff Institute."

That was the beginning of the Weizmann Institute, now one of the biggest and certainly one of the most significant research centers in the world. Nothing so ambitious was implied by Dr. Weizmann's self-denying ordinance. His intentions were much more modest. He wanted to improve, and extend, the research facilities which already existed at Rehovoth.

The Daniel Sieff Institute had been established there in 1934. It commemorated a young student who died in 1933 on the threshold of a scientific career. Daniel Sieff was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Sieff and a nephew of Sir Simon Marks. In their sorrow his family had turned to a never-failing friend—Chaim Weizmann. He suggested to them that the best memorial to the youth, whose ambition had been to devote himself to a life of scientific research would be the foundation of a research institute in the Jewish Homeland. As always, Weizmann had practical, as well as visionary intentions. The Nazi persecutions had already be-

gun and eminent Jewish scientists were being forced to leave their laboratories. He saw, in an institute in Palestine, a refuge for some of them but he also saw the possibility of creating a research center which would both serve the needs of the country and still belong to the wider world of science.

When the Daniel Sieff Institute was built, Rehovoth was still the Gateway to the Negev. As Weizmann himself wrote, "There was not a tree nor a blade of grass . . . I had before my eyes the green lawns of the English and American Universities and the scientific academies and thought that we would be showing a lamentable lack of aesthetic feeling if we merely planked down the buildings and did nothing with the surroundings." Over the gates of the Institute, opened on April 3rd, 1934, was inscribed "Work for this country. Work for science. Work for humanity."

Weizmann chose the plains of Palestine, rather than Jerusalem in the Judean hills, where the Hebrew University already existed. There was a historical justification. In 70 CE, with the destruction of the Temple imminent, Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakkai persuaded the Roman Commander to let him withdraw with other men of learning to Yavne and there establish a school of learning. "Give me Yavne and its sages!" he asked. Yavne adjoins

Rehovoth. But Weizmann's sense of history combined with his sense of the practical. The Agricultural Research Station had been established at Rehovoth by the World Zionist Organization, before the First World War. From agriculture Weizmann believed that Palestine could obtain the chemical materials which its industries lacked. The Sieff Institute, based on organic chemistry, the discipline in which Weizmann had an international reputation, could contribute to that end. And while the scientists were pursuing pure research—knowledge for its own sake—they might occasionally look over their shoulders at the Agricultural Research Station next door, and remind themselves of the practical application of their work as well.

In the Sieff Institute Weizmann had his own laboratory. There, surrounded not by assistants but by colleagues eminent in their own fields of research, he worked in the 1930's as a respite from his arduous missions as the ambassador of Zionism to the chancelleries of the Great Powers.

THE EMPHASIS of the Sieff Institute was on organic chemistry. This is the study of carbon compounds, the products of living processes, like the carbohydrates of our basic foods and the hydrocarbons which provide motor fuels. The first we harvest as contemporary plants; the second we inherit from life which existed hundreds of millions of years ago—in the primeval forests of the Carboniferous Era which were turned to coal, and in the Paleozoic swamps and seas in which plants and creatures, by a natural alchemy of time and geological processes, became the oil deposits. But, whatever their transformation, organic materials derive from the living processes by which plants use nuclear energy from the sun and carbon from the atmosphere to

synthesize the complex and subtle chemicals on which all organisms, including the human species, depend for survival.

Palestine seemed to be bereft of those fossil fuels—coal and oil. But Weizmann believed that the alternative would serve; and that the organic materials harvested from the soil, could supply its needs. And who could gainsay him? In two world wars he had supplied, by such methods, the indispensables of victory. In the First, Britain was without acetone, necessary for high explosives, and he put his bacteria to work—Weizmann's Bugs. These microscopic "chemists" digested grain and chestnuts and provided the acetone. In the Second, he came to the help of the United States by similarly providing butyl alcohol, the source material of synthetic rubber. He always modestly disclaimed the part which this work played in securing, in the first instance, the Balfour Declaration and, in the second instance, the decisive United States recognition of the State of Israel. Historians may think differently. His chemistry made statesmen his debtors.

When, during the Mandate, it was argued that the land of Palestine could not support the immigration he kept demanding, he retorted that with hard work and science, the soil could maintain millions.

There is his often-quoted remark to Lord Peel, the chairman of the Royal Commission sent out in 1936. Lord Peel had interrupted him in the middle of a test-tube experiment and asked him what he was doing. "I am creating absorptive capacity," said Weizmann.

That remark was made in his laboratory at the Daniel Sieff Institute.

PERHAPS ANOTHER wing? Perhaps a few more laboratories? Perhaps more of that expensive equipment without which modern science cannot



CHAIM WEIZMANN

HARRY S. MOSKOVITZ

dramatically progress? Perhaps better amenities for his colleagues? His ambitions for "The Sieff" were of that order.

But it could be said of Weizmann, as the Persian Emperor, Darius, said of himself: "I am the friend of my friends." Affection and loyalty he gave abundantly and it was repaid superabundantly. The "something for the expansion of the Sieff Institute" became a multi-million dollar project. His American friends gave year after year.

By prodigies of enthusiasm, of giving, and of construction and, in spite of the convulsions of the War which in 1948 brought the State of Israel into being, the Weizmann Institute was inaugurated on November 2nd, 1949.

The scientist with friends had meanwhile become the President of the new State. His dual personality was written even on the landscape of Rehovoth. On one hilltop was the Presidential Mansion; on a twin hill, within sight of his window, the new institute had risen out of the rust-red soil. In the morning, he was the statesman, receiving diplomats; in the afternoon, until he was too frail, he could be a scientist.

The Weizmann Institute, as a building, adjoined the Daniel Sieff Institute which, creeper-clad, was positively patriarchal by 1949. But, today, they are two of a family of buildings, all of which compete with each other in size, elegance and originality of design. They are enclosed in the great memorial park, Yad Chaim Weizmann, which includes his grave, his home and his institute. As a campus, it excites the envy of visiting scientists. Weizmann's concern for living beauty has its fulfillment. The lawns are as green as those for which he anguished in the naked wilderness of 1934. Avenues of flowering trees, trim gardens in the *shikun* where scientists and their families live, orange-groves and "Think-

ing Places"! Weizmann always maintained that discoveries were not made in the laboratories; they were only confirmed there; the ideas were born in peace. And the buildings and the precincts, like the groves and gardens, as well as the libraries and the club, provide the luxury of quiet thought.

Certainly, Weizmann, in expressing his modest wish, had never conceived such generosity, nor the complex of institutes which now forms "The Weizmann." Other hands and other minds helped to bring it into being but he lived long enough to breathe his aspirations and his scientific spirit into the inanimate fabric. Between 1944 and its inauguration, and since, committees of scientists and architects have given a great deal of thought to the functions of the institute but its short history shows that while it is possible to design and erect impressive buildings, it is not possible to "blue-print" the future of a research institute. It is an organism, which, once conceived, assumes a life and character of its own.

THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE is unique. That is a big claim but it is true. There are many famous research institutes but, when you consider their histories, they have "budded" from universities or centers of learning or they have been devoted to a subject—cancer, physics, nutrition and so on. They are not comprehensive. Searching for approximations, one might find one in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute (now the Max Planck) or in the diverse activities of the National Research Council of Canada or the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, in Australia. The latter two, though still not strictly analogous, are interesting because they are expressions of the need in "new" countries, as in Israel, for "crash" programs of advanced research, which, in older countries, grew

from long-established academic traditions.

The Weizmann, however, is different. Although, as has been said, Dr. Weizmann was always concerned about practical applications, the Institute, in its conception, was really dedicated to pure research. It might, and some hoped it would, have attracted to Israel great Jewish Nobel prize-winners. It was a good thing that it did not, because it might have become a pantheon of the Immortals. Instead it became a nursery of talent, giving young scientists every opportunity to build their own reputations. First, it embodied Weizmann's belief that pure research without the compulsions of a university syllabus or of direct application is the fountain-head of scientific progress. Second, it must, he insisted, be truly international, part of the great world commonwealth of science; but because of its remoteness, geographically, from kindred institutions it must, while keeping open its lines of communication, be scientifically viable. A third factor, however, which influenced its character was the creation of the State of Israel. From being an outpost of experimental science in the Middle East, it became a research center in the new State. As the scientist-president declared, in words which are carved in the Galilean marble of the amphitheater, near his grave, "I feel sure that science will bring to this land both peace and a renewal of its youth, creating here the springs of a new spiritual and material life. And here I speak of science for its own sake and applied science." The Weizmann Institute is unique because of the diversity of its departments and of its researchers, not in one discipline but in many and in the opportunities it offers for bridging the disciplines and overcoming that over-specialization which has become the bane of science.

Yet that was not implied in his re-

quest. The "expansion of the Sieff Institute" could have meant the intensification of researches in his own subject, organic chemistry, which had been the function of the Sieff Institute. Instead, with the blessing of Weizmann, a committee of scientists in America, during the preparatory phase, had planned an institute with a wider purpose. But even that early planning bore little resemblance to the outcome. One can say that the Institute was not planned—it evolved.

For example, "expansion" could have meant the provision of auxiliary services. It did. Organic chemistry, in the advanced practices of today needs spectroscopy and X-ray equipment. Weizmann had made spectroscopy an auxiliary to his chemistry as early as 1904, and before the Second World War had installed equipment at the Sieff Institute for infra-red, ultra-violet and X-ray analysis. By passing light waves through a transparent cell containing a chemical and through a prism it is possible to identify the elements in the chemical—perhaps twenty different substances in a compound of which there is only a thousandths of a gram. When a solution is crystallized, X-rays can reveal the arrangements of the atoms.

SUCH TECHNIQUES were no longer a part-time activity for a chemist, however gifted. The operations, the interpretations and the measurements (in millionths of an inch) require a specialist. So, as part of the "expansion" the Weizmann Institute enlisted the services of a graduate specialist in infra-red spectroscopy. He also took charge of the electron microscope which makes visible details far beyond the range of the normal optical microscope. The chemists wanted answers; he was to provide them. But one day, he was asked a question for which

existing instruments and techniques could not provide an answer. In a research institute where, in the insatiable curiosity of science a problem becomes a challenge and where scientists are free to pursue it, infra-red spectroscopy from being an auxiliary service became fundamental research. From entirely new principles discovered, the Weizmann Institute developed the biggest infra-red spectrometer in the world. It includes a cylindrical chamber 39 feet long and two feet in diameter, strong enough to produce a vacuum in which infra-red rays could be mirrored backwards and forwards for a distance of 750 feet, which can give details, previously impossible.

It was "home-made." The cylinder was a section of pipe-line. This self-sufficiency was another thing on which Dr. Weizmann had insisted. In Rehovoth, remote from scientific instrument-manufacturers, a scientist needing a piece of equipment could not pick up the telephone and order it "off the shelf." The Institute, therefore, set up a precision engineering shop and glass-blowing facilities equal to any emergency.

Like infra-red spectroscopy, X-ray crystallography became not just a service but a fundamental research-project in its own light. Again the investigations, which have attracted research-students from the United States, Britain, India and Japan, originated from an impossible question and a coffee-break conversation. In a community as neighborly as the Weizmann Institute, scientists "swap" problems and, by posing one, may suggest the answer to another. That was roughly what happened, and it produced a scientific break-through which opened up a completely new field in organic chemistry of world importance.

Even a subject as prosaic as mathematics had an adventurous history at

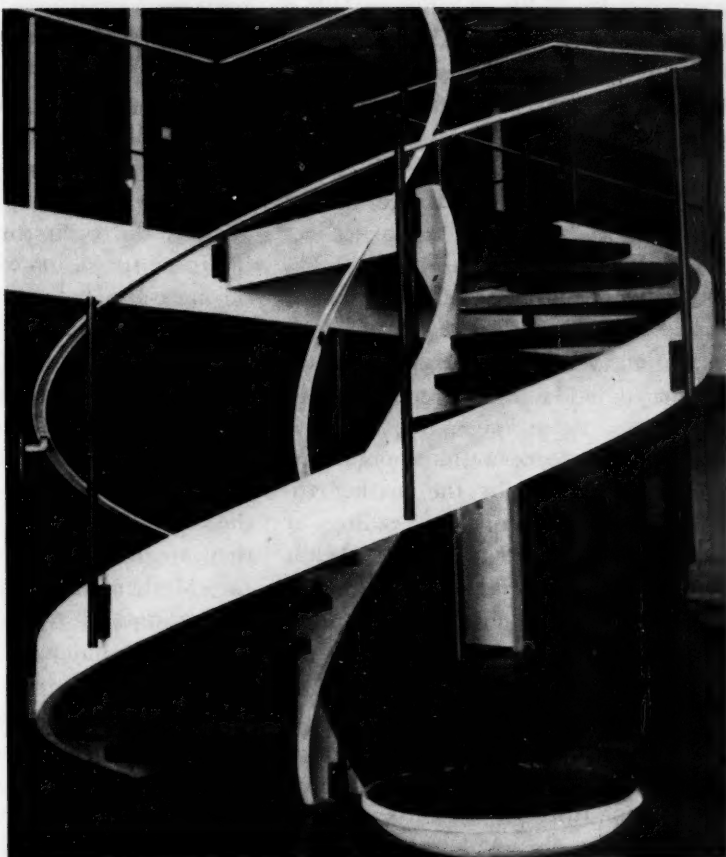
The Weizmann. Mathematics is, of course, basic to all the disciplines of science so that there was nothing extraordinary about the American Committee inviting the assistance of a distinguished American mathematician from the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, with a background of M.I.T., Cambridge University and Columbia University, to help with the planning of a department of applied mathematics. Typically, however, Dr. Weizmann persuaded him to take on the job of "Mathematician-in-Chief."

When he and the staff he had hand-picked arrived at Rehovoth, they found that there were problems more urgent than academic mathematics. They found a country desperate for water and for fuel. Without increased water-supplies for irrigation, the agricultural settlement of the new immigrants would be impossible, and without fuel the industrial progress of the new state would be hampered.

So the mathematicians put their advanced studies aside and applied themselves to geophysics as arduously as any worker on a kibbutz. For nearly a year, their base was not at Rehovoth but at Nazareth. And, because the daylight breezes in the Galilean Hills disturbed their delicate instruments, they had to get up at 3 a.m. manhandle boring-rigs, set up their instruments, detonate their explosives (like sappers on night-operations) and then spend what hours they stole from sleep in complicated calculations.

They were applying science to an examination of the earth's crust. One of their methods was to produce man-made earthquakes. Just as natural earthquakes reverberate through the layers of rock in the earth's crust and can be detected by instruments thousands of miles away, so an explosion set off underground can be recorded. This involves boring holes 200 feet deep and

Right — Detail of
interior architec-
ture.



Below — Institute
of nuclear science.



putting down 50 lbs. of gelignite. When the charge is detonated, the shock-waves travel at varying speeds through the different layers of sand, clay, limestone and rock. The waves are reflected back to the surface and picked up by instruments which record them as diagrams. The "squiggles" of the echoes tell the experts the nature of the rocks through which the sound waves have passed. They can then decide whether formations would act as traps for water or oil.

IN 1951, these operations, organized and carried out by the mathematicians discovered significant readings at Heletz near the ancient city of Askelon and close to the Gaza Strip. In 1956 oil prospectors who undertook the commercial borings struck oil there and by 1958 the wells were yielding a tenth of the oil needs of Israel. By that time the mathematicians, having charted most of Israel had gone back to the Weizmann Institute and their work and the teams they had trained passed over to a government agency.

In the meantime, a piece of bravado had justified itself. They had no electronics computer with which to work. Wealthy institutions in wealthy countries could boast the possession of such ingenious and expensive devices and international organizations, like Unesco, were trying to devise ways and means of providing reasonable computers to serve underdeveloped countries. But the Weizmann Institute went forward to make its own. The construction was undertaken by members of the institute staff with the help of an engineer from Princeton's Institute of Advanced Studies. They assembled 1,800 vacuum tubes, connected up the formidable circuits and installed a memory device which could store away tens of thousands of numbers and recall them on demand. Many of the

parts were constructed in the Institute's workshop and the result was a "brain" which could do sums 250,000 times faster than the human brain. It now works 24 hours a day and 364 days a year. This was a service to the entire Institute. In X-ray crystallography, *Weisac*, the computer can handle, at lightning speed, calculations depending on measurements as small as 10,000 millionths of a centimeter. But the mathematicians have themselves earned worldwide recognition for their work on the interior structure of the earth, the problems of rockets into space, and the prediction of tides in all parts of the world. At international conferences, they are listened to with respect and the Mathematician-in-Chief, in 1959, went round the world as the honored lecturer at conferences and in famous universities.

The story of the Radioisotopes Department has the same kind of adventurousness and unconventionality. Dr. Weizmann and his advisers decided that the chemists of the Institute must avail themselves of the new tools of research — the radioactive elements, which are the by-products of the release of atomic energy. These radioisotopes have the peculiarity that while chemically they behave like ordinary elements, combining into compounds, in the life processes of plants, physically, they give off rays. This enables them to be traced and identified by detecting instruments, so that the chemists can know the mechanism by which chemical reactions take place. To assist in this work Weizmann selected a Jerusalem-born scientist who had made an academic reputation for himself in Britain. But, in 1948, the "department" existed only in name and he was the entire staff, without equipment and still waiting for the completion of the Institute. There was a war on. The new recruit found himself in the Negev

desert heading a team which was exploring for minerals—a substantial contribution to the economy of Israel.

Moreover, it seemed as though the Weizmann Institute was foolhardy in “getting into the atom business.” The great powers had spend tens of billions of dollars in setting up their atom industries of which radioisotopes were a by-product. Neither Israel nor the Weizmann Institute could think in such terms. But not all isotopes are radioactive. Ordinary oxygen has a “twin” which is heavier, and so has hydrogen. Having then no atom smasher, the Weizmann Institute set out to create an atom-separator. This is a difficult business when one considers that heavy hydrogen occurs in the ratio of one in six thousand in the hydrogen atoms of water. But the highly original techniques were so successful that Rehvoth became the world center for the production of heavy hydrogen which is profitably exported, even to the Atomic Powers.

Radioactive elements also exist in nature. One of these—tritium—which is triple hydrogen occurs in infinitesimal quantities as a result of the collisions between cosmic rays and the elements in the atmosphere. This tiny fraction is washed down by the rain. While the United States had set up a plant in Georgia, at a budget cost of \$1,400,000,000 to manufacture tritium, the Weizmann scientists concentrated on atmospheric tritium. The work had a significant result. From the amount of tritium found in well-water or in cisterns, they were able to tell the age of the water. For Israel's practical needs, this was important because it could avert disappointments. When digging or drilling for water it is important to know whether the “find” is regularly replenished, or only occasionally, or not at all. This last has been found true in the Negev where a source of

water has failed and it has been found that it was “plutonic” water, water which had been sealed off in geological times, so that the source was no more than a water pocket which the rains did not replenish. Following the H-bomb tests which released large amounts of man-made tritium, this helpful means of measurement ceased to be practical. But knowledge and skills at the Weizmann made it one of the few world centers for the study of the movements of H-bomb tritium, which tell meteorologists much that they did not know about climate.

WORLD-SCIENTISTS at the United Nations International Scientific Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy held at Geneva in 1945, heard one of the experts from the Weizmann Institute describe another ingenious and practical use of these atomic by-products. Again, it was a case of the “pure” scientists “looking over their shoulders” at the practical needs of their country. The Israeli water engineers had had a brilliant idea. The water supplies of the Negev are carried by pipe-line from the Yarkon River, which is only twelve miles long and has its source in the Yarkon springs, no bigger than a swimming pool, near the Jordanian frontier. Every gallon of that water is precious but a lot of it, in the rainy seasons, floods into the sea. So they proposed that, at flood-time, they should pump the water from the springs into the area of the coastal wells, where it would be stored in the natural reservoirs of the water-holding layers of the soil. If, however, these layers were part of the formation which supplied the Yarkon pool then, of course, the water would feed back into the river and defeat the object of the exercise. To decide this, the Weizmann Institute experts introduced harmless radioisotopes into the

water which pumped into the wells and made tests of the Yarkon waters to see whether it was seeping back.

The Weizmann Institute was able to recruit many eminent scientists from abroad but, from the outset, it had the advantage of securing particularly brilliant graduates of the Hebrew University. When the War of Independence began, and the University at Mount Scopus was cut off a large group of students fought their way back to the Israel line. Many of them were hand-picked by Dr. Weizmann for subsequent work in his institute.

They included two brothers, both of whom were to achieve international distinction. One was "ear-marked" by Dr. Weizmann for a subject very close to his own heart—plastics. He saw in plastics an industrial material which Israel itself could produce. Plastics can be based on coal and oil but he argued that they could also be harvested from the soil. In planning a plastics department, he was, therefore, thinking less of pure research than of industrial applications.

Like so many other things at the Weizmann Institute it worked out differently. In the beginning, there was no industry to take advantage of plastics research and the chosen head of the department and his group of colleagues, turned their attention to the nature of plastics. They conducted pure research with results which redounded to the international credit of the Weizmann Institute.

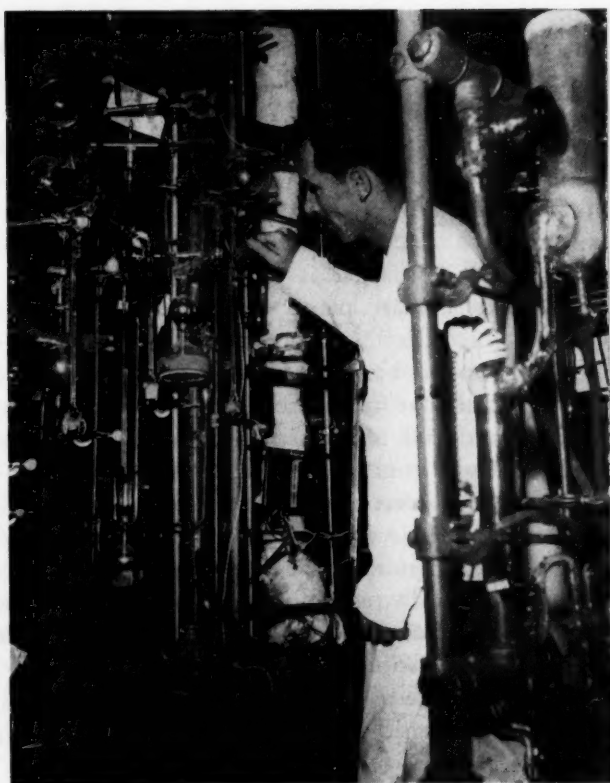
Plastics, as we are familiarly aware of them, now range over an immense field of uses from furniture to nylon. What they have in common is what the scientists call their "macromolecules," this means large chemical molecules in which the atoms form long chains. But what the Weizmann scientists found interesting were the "cousins" of the familiar plastics. These are called poly-

electrolytes. Simultaneously and independently, the nature of polyelectrolytes was defined in Israel and in the United States and became a new area of research. Such coincidences, by which researchers remote from each other and unaware of each other's works hit upon the same idea at exactly the same time, are common in the history of science but are none-the-less baffling.

THE PHENOMENON of polyelectrolytes was not new; we just had not recognized them. Generations of housewives have handled polyelectrolytes quite successfully. In making such things as table jellies, they did not need to know that they were manipulating "polymers with molecules of long-chain extension carrying electrical charges," any more than they needed to know the chemical formula for the plastic bowl in which they made the jelly, or the plastic table-top on which they set it. What is peculiar about the polyelectrolytes is this: like the other plastics, their long chains of atoms coil themselves like crinkly hair but, in the case of polyelectrolytes electric charges on certain of their atoms can force the crinkles apart. This electrical repulsion can be changed by chemical means so that the molecules can be stretched or allowed to coil. This is the analogy of the living processes. For instance, the fibres of the muscles contract and relax. The Weizmann research workers found they could make artificial fibres which could behave in the same way. According to whether they were sluiced with acid or alkali, strips of polyelectrolyte material would contract or relax and lift or lower a weight. This may, one day, have practical applications as a "muscle-engine," requiring neither electricity nor heat to produce work. But this behaviour of polyelectrolytes already has profound scientific impor-



Tower at Nuclear Institute
housing 3,000,000 watt Atom
Smasher.



Preparing a sample for mass
spectrographic analysis.

tance, since it sheds light on many living processes, distinct from muscle.

The scientists could make artificial polyelectrolytes and study the kind of thing that happens in the human body. For example, the polyelectrolyte principle has a great deal to do with the body's resistance to disease. At the Weizmann they studied what happens to germs when attacked by the white cells which defend the body. They found that the germs produce negative polyelectrolytes and since the cells of the body are negative they are repelled and germs can force a passage between them. But white blood cells produce a positive polyelectrolyte so that they can attract the germs and by sticking to them suppress them. This also explains the possible action of drugs like penicillin. But there were other medical implications which were not lost on the scientists; blood-cells clot and form blockages in the blood-vessels, now one of the most common of all causes of death. This clotting has a definite relevance to polyelectrolytes, which thus become an experimental tool for the study of human ailments.

Moreover, polyelectrolytes explain and can reproduce other processes which are of special importance. For instance, they account for the clotting of grains of dust or sand to form crumbs of soil, so that it can retain water and enable plant roots to breathe. If such "soil-conditioners" could be produced cheaply enough, it could affect the future of deserts. Sheets of these artificial fibres can also extract minerals from water and, once again, if the process were to be made economical, polyelectrolytes could produce sweet water suitable for irrigation.

The world-wide recognition of the importance of these discoveries and of the immense possibilities which they have opened up was expressed in the assembly of one hundred and thirty

scientists from twenty-six countries at Rehovoth in 1956. They came from places as remote from each other as the USSR, the United States, Mexico and Japan, Finland and Australia, Poland and India. Israel acted as host to a conference on Macromolecular Chemistry, called by the International Council for Scientific Unions, the supreme body for such discussions.

THE WORK initiated by the other brother has been likewise acclaimed by the scientific world. He became head of the Department of Biophysics, which is the science concerned with the physical forces which operate in the living processes. He and his team obeyed the injunction of Dr. Weizmann, "It will be the business of those in charge of the Institute not merely to imitate work going on in other places..."

The original work which they set themselves was the laboratory preparation of polyaminoacids. This is so important that it deserves an explanation. The body depends upon protein. Protein in turn is made up of various combinations of aminoacids, which have been described as "nature's building bricks." There are over twenty such "bricks" and, depending on their arrangements the body cells and body chemicals are formed. The biophysicist has the job of analyzing and measuring such arrangements. But at the Weizmann Institute they went further and produced them. They did not attempt to reproduce the complicated versions found in the living body but they made laboratory samples of each of the aminoacids. This is most important because then they had precise, man-controlled substances which could be used to test the behavior of natural substances and could be combined with each other to get, and to measure, special effects. Because of its obvious bearing on all the living processes this

was of world importance. The products of the laboratory were in great demand by other famous research bodies throughout the world. So were the scientists themselves. In 1958 the head of the department was the working guest of Harvard University for a year and as visiting research professor extended his investigations there. In 1959 the National Institute of Health of the United States awarded to him and two of his colleagues at the Weizmann Institute a grant of \$125,000 to expand their work.

On November 2nd, 1953, the first anniversary of the death of Dr. Weizmann, the Institute of Experimental Biology was opened. This was more than just another architectural feature. It was, once again, a case of his friends having indulged his visionary wishes. He, who had tamed whole empires of microscopic organisms and had put them to work, had regretfully insisted that he was not a biologist. But he recognized that the boundaries between chemistry, biochemistry and biology were no longer distinct. In his own work as a chemist he had been actively engaged in studying the chemicals which can cause cancer. So as a scientist, as well as a man of compassion, he had been personally concerned with cancer-research.

He had invited an Oxford biologist who enjoyed an international reputation in cancer research, to take charge of the new institute. The new institute might have been expected to devote itself entirely to this subject. Its researches, however, have ranged much wider. First-class biologists, regardless of their specialty were sought out. An American physiologist interested in the study of the internally secreting glands and in reproduction was engaged. Suffice it to say that the work of this section is now not only scientifically recognized throughout the world, but the results

may have profound importance for the future of the entire human race. The greatest threat which confronts the world, apart from war or nuclear destruction, is the "explosion" of population—an increase of 50 millions a year or, as it has been put, adding the population of Britain, every year, to the world's dinner table. The work at the Weizmann Institute has a direct bearing on this problem.

Another acquisition was a young Cambridge graduate whose subject was the processes of heredity. The work of this section has figured conspicuously not only in the scientific journals of the world but in the popular press as well. By a method which is completely accurate it is possible to recognize the sex of unborn offspring. Although this may seem merely anticipating the inevitable, since the sex of the embryo cannot be altered, it is of great importance in dealing with diseases in which the conditions are inherited, or in those pathetic cases where a person changes sex. By the Weizmann Institute methods the true sex, before or after birth, can be confirmed and early treatment will establish the true sex and avert the change.

Another "find" was a young Israeli graduate from the Hebrew University who had distinguished himself in post-graduate research in Edinburgh. He was brought to the Institute to become head of the section of immunology. This nowadays means something much more than having hypodermic "shots" against infections. It is another basic study of the living processes and it is important in the study of cancer.

In fact, in one way or another, the work of the various sections of the Institute of Experimental Biology have all made contributions to the investigation of cancer. That is understandable because cancer is an exaggeration of the natural, non-malignant processes

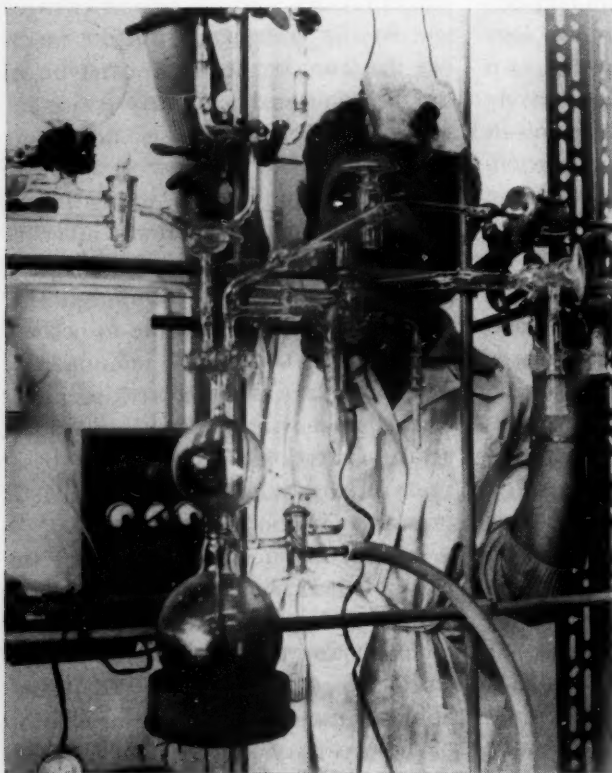
of the body. When the head of the Institute of Experimental Biology was asked by a visitor "What news is there about cancer?" the reply was "The news is that we are not looking for a cure." The visitor was shocked but the truth of the statement is profound. They are looking for the cause.

When the mechanism of cancer is properly understood there will be hope for its prevention and treatment—but above all its prevention.

What has already been shown is that the process leading to the first appearance of a tumor is not a long drawn-out process, continuing slowly through the years, but is in two stages, each biologically distinct. In the first stage the tumor cells are "dormant" and remain so until a "promoting action" turns them into active growth. In the first, certain cells undergo an imperceptible change without any manifestation of cancer, and in a human being it

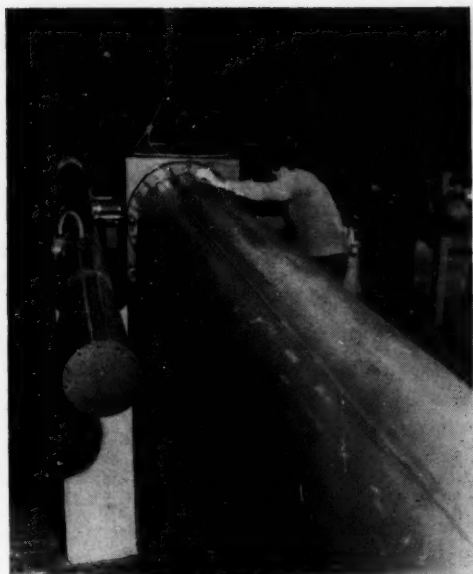
may take forty years for another chemical which by itself would not produce cancer to trigger off the second phase. Each is harmless without the other. A cell once having entered into the "dormant" stage cannot revert to a normal condition but the "promoting mechanism" is reversible. And this is where the great hope may lie.

THE LAST of the Institutes to be built was the Institute of Nuclear Science. It can be safely said that Dr. Weizmann when he wished for "the expansion of the Sieff Institute" never imagined that it would include nuclear physics. Physics, maybe. The "nuclear" came in almost by chance—but a chance which was part of the destiny of the Institute. What happened was that the Hebrew University had produced a vintage crop of physics students. When Israel was established it had the foresight to realize that apart altogether from nuclear



Section of Biophysics
Laboratory

"Home-made" infra-red spectrometer improvised from water pipe.



bombs, it must prepare itself to take advantage of nuclear energy. To do this the Government scattered that remarkable group of young students into the leading research laboratories of the advanced countries. At the back of this was the intention to create a Government atomic research establishment but when those young students returned to Israel it was wisely recognized that the country would gain more in future progress if nuclear research were allowed to grow in academic freedom instead of in a security compound. That freedom was what the Weizmann Institute could provide.

The building is a magnificent piece of modern architecture, functionally elegant and embodying the best features of the most up-to-date laboratories of Europe and America. It has evoked much admiration and some envy from the famous scientists who visit it. But scientists never judge a research institute by its appearance or by its equipment but by its results.

The proper comment on these results is that on the shelves of every nuclear research laboratory in the world is a large volume entitled "The

Rehovoth Conference on Nuclear Structure."

It is an account of the proceedings of an international conference held in the auditorium of the Weizmann Institute in September 1957, attended by 220 nuclear physicists. In the alphabet of nationalities, they ranged from A to Y—from Argentina to Yugoslavia and they included the most eminent exponents on the subject of nuclear structure in the world.

It was a remarkable occasion. The Weizmann Institute was only nine years old, yet Rehovoth was "flagged" on the map as one of the recognized scientific centers of the world. It must be remembered that when a scientific congress accepts such an invitation it is not the guests, but the hosts who are being honored. Even more remarkable was the fact that the average age of the physicists who played hosts to this distinguished assembly was only thirty years—including the professor in charge.

Neither the Weizmann Institute nor Israel can afford the fabulously expensive equipment, costing millions of dollars, which is provided for nuclear research in wealthy countries. The one

"atom-smasher" which the Institute of Nuclear Science possessed was a humble affair compared with the "cosmotrons," "betarons," "synchotrons" and other gargantuan "trons." Their units are "megavolts"—millions of volts—and their cost is expressed in "megabucks"—millions of dollars—yet without them the work of these young scientists has put the Weizmann Institute in the advance guard of the research into nuclear structure. They are not interested in letting off "big bangs." What they are studying is the nucleus which produces those big bangs. Their researches are a reminder that when atomic energy was released in 1945 it was a case of the safe-breakers bursting the lock before the locksmiths knew how it worked. The "locksmiths" at the Weizmann Institute are discovering how the wards of that lock fit together.

The galaxy of famous nuclear physicists who attended the opening of the

Institute of Nuclear Science in 1958 was a remarkable tribute to these young men and to Israel's dedication to pure research. They included Nils Bohr, Dean of the world's nuclear physicists, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Harold Urey, Felix Bloch, Victor Weisskopf, and many others.

On that occasion, a visiting scientist impressed by the masonry and by the minds dedicated here to posterity still could not forget the realities of the Middle East. With some embarrassment he asked "How far is this from the nearest hostile bomber base?"

"Six minutes," said a Weizmann scientist, "But the nearest laboratory which is comparable with this is 2,000 miles away."

That might sum up the Weizmann Institute. It is the embodiment of a scientific faith and also of the enduring values, defiant of political vicissitudes of the State Weizmann had helped to create.

DAY OF WRATH

By ISABELLA FEY

Sweet death, unite us with all executed men!
Let these our dearest comrades be.
Give us our victims for our soldiery,
And knit us into steadfast ranks again.

Though live men fail, we crave their love once more:
Worn with betrayals, we trust the thief and liar,
Nor does the blade-thrust underneath a rib
Amaze the startled heart, nor disowned sib
Love less that treacherous brother he denies.
We are bound by such sacred and such murderous ties,
Kindled so readily by the self-same fire:

Then marry us, sweet death, to those we shall betray—
If they be dead, and we be dead as they,
What shall men fear upon the Judgment Day?

BLIND MAN IN AMSTERDAM

By ISABELLA FEY

In Amsterdam a blind man sat
Begging for pennies with a hat.
From inward stars and secret moon
He found that earth must perish soon;
That quick and dead must vanish quite,
The seeing, and those with second sight,
The highest peak, the lowliest clod,
Must vanish from the eye of God.
But how, and why, and on what day,
His consultations did not say.

Therefore he sat in Amsterdam
While horse and human, car and tram
Clomped past his lidded knowledge there,
Doomed, but wholly unaware;
And he gave out no warning sound
To the blind multitudes around,
But begged for pennies with a hat,
And blindly in his corner sat.

ROBERT GORDIS, Rabbi of Temple Beth-El of Rockaway Park, is the author of numerous biblical studies.

Religion in One Dimension

The Judaism of Herman Wouk

By ROBERT GORDIS

JUDAISM HAS become respectable in America today—if not as a way of life in the personal conduct of its adherents, then at least as a manner of speech in parlor conversation and public discourse. For there surely is no higher cachet of acceptability than the “best-seller” lists, which in recent months have been graced by Leon Uris’ *Exodus*, Harry Golden’s *Only in America* and *For Two Cents Plain* and most recently by Herman Wouk’s *This Is My God*, which is also being serialized in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

The first version of Judaism to win acceptance as a “religion of American democracy” was Reform, which represents the ultimate degree of adjustment of the Jewish tradition to the American scene. The next to attain this goal was Conservative Judaism, which arose as a double-barrelled reaction, against the extremism of American Reform on the one hand and against the forms and attitudes of East-European Orthodoxy on the other. The last group to “arrive”—if we exclude a tiny group of Sephardic or fractionally Sephardic Jews of pre-Revolutionary lineage—is Orthodoxy. Orthodoxy has developed imposing institutions of education and manifested increasing self-assurance and aggressiveness in its organizational life. Now it

also has a persuasive literary spokesman in Herman Wouk.

The phenomenally successful author of *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar* has now turned to present the faith he lives by, in a work marked by his considerable skill, his gift for facile and interesting writing and his unerring instinct for reaching the general reader.* Written *con amore*, he gives a warm and attractive picture of Orthodox Judaism, stressing its practices, but dealing also with its basic outlook.

Notwithstanding the anguished cry of bigots in all camps, it remains true that all the versions and sub-versions (in both senses) of Judaism represent a common tradition. Hence, Mr. Wouk’s book is a welcome introduction to the Jewish religion which can be read with pleasure and profit by Jews of all schools and of none, as well as by interested non-Jews. The book has the basic virtue of being consistently interesting and often arresting.

The author does not hesitate to utilize his own personal background and experiences to highlight his description of Judaism. This gives his presentation

* *This Is My God*, by Herman Wouk. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959. \$3.95.

the character of a personal testament, infinitely more moving than the pale abstractions of theologians, or the juvenile descriptions of customs and ceremonies which hitherto have largely done duty for books on the Jewish religion, or the dull exhortations to virtue of pulpiteers on paper. Wouk is not a technical Jewish scholar, but he has had excellent scholarly assistance, as he acknowledges, and there are few factual errors.

It is remarkable how much is included within the volume. Beginning with the miracle of Jewish survival as his point of departure, he then reveals his basic approach to Judaism by emphasizing the role of symbolism and interpreting the *mitzvot* as a structure of symbol and discipline, obligatory upon the Jew without deviation in the form it has reached him. The second part passes in review the Sabbath, the Festivals, the High Holy Days, prayer and the synagogue, as well as *kashruth* and the other practices of daily life, from birth through adolescence and marriage, to death and mourning.

The third section entitled "The Law" deals with the sources of Jewish law to be found in the Bible and the Talmud. He then treats of its codification in the *Shulhan Arukh*, which became the final authority for Orthodoxy for several reasons which, generally ignored, are highly significant, and refers briefly to its latter-day interpreters. Part Four, entitled "The Present," deals with the impact of the Enlightenment on Jews in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and serves as a preface to the author's version of Orthodoxy. Of Reform, Conservatism and assimilation he disposes under the general caption of "Dissent." Then comes a chapter on Israel, followed by an Epilogue. The book ends with a collection of notes covering such disparate themes as archeology and the

Bible, the future of Yiddish, the "Higher Criticism," Rashi, the Cabbala, Day Schools and Nietzsche. All this is achieved within 354 uncluttered pages, truly a miracle of compression, but it must be confessed far from an unalloyed blessing.

THE BOOK is worthy of examination not merely as a literary product, but as a phenomenon of religion in our times. Every Orthodox faith exhibits its power and attractiveness when viewed from within as a closed and self-sufficient system poised motionless in time and space. Contrariwise, its weaknesses and inadequacies become manifest when it is observed within the context of the larger environment and against the backdrop of history. Wouk's presentation exhibits all the elements of strength of Orthodox Judaism. It describes the all-encompassing Jewish way of life, its color and pageantry, and the beauty and warmth of Jewish observance when reverently maintained. Perhaps it is the American weakness which places a premium on "having a good time," that leads him to present Jewish living as both meaningful and enjoyable. We do not share the indignation of some of the theologically sophisticated neo-ascetics of our day who have criticized *This Is My God* because Judaism appears in it as a pleasurable experience. It is well to remember that in spite of the manifold hazards and disabilities from which the Jew was never free, he always found his tradition a source of light and joy. He repeated each morning the words of the Daily Prayerbook, "Happy are we, how good our lot, how sweet our destiny, how beautiful our heritage!" All too often those who today speak in lyrical accents of religious commitment rarely perform a *mitzvah*, and those who yearn passionately for the confrontation with God are notice-

ably absent from the synagogue. Perhaps Wouk has over-romanticized the beauty of the Jewish way of life; his image is basically faithful to the reality.

But his book exhibits the weaknesses not merely of modern Orthodoxy but of some highly articulate tendencies to be met today in all groups of contemporary Judaism and Christianity, that are determined to shut out the impact of time and space upon the content of religious faith. The dominant mood of our age is nostalgia, and it characterizes the present work, from the dedication of the book to the memory of his learned and pious grandfather, to the closing peroration, "Our law of Moses is great and honorable, now as when it first came to us." One can understand how an East-European *Rosh Yeshivah* transplanted to the United States could be unaware of the challenges to his faith posed by other religious views and by secularism and believe that nothing is changed. But Herman Wouk knows better.

In spite of the piety and learning of Old World scholars, *e pur se muove*, the world does move, and we with it, even if we stand motionless on the planet. To be sure, in ancient and medieval times, traditional Judaism stressed the *Halachah*, its code of practice, and paid relatively little attention to its system of thought, but that was because its world-view was largely shared by its opponents. Both Christianity and Islam accepted the same fundamental world-view, the conception of Judaism on one God and His relationship to His creatures, and its beliefs on Revelation, prayer, resurrection and immortality. On all these questions, the differences were relatively slight. The medieval Jewish philosophers shared the same universe of discourse and made the same assumptions as their Moslem and Christian contemporaries, so that the borrowing and

transmission of ideas went on apace.

All this has been radically altered in our day by the rise of untold patterns of secularism, from atheism to agnosticism, from naturalism to humanism and modernism, with countless variations in each. Contemporary Orthodoxy falls into two main groups—those who are honestly unaware of the new challenge created by modern thought and those who pretend to ignore it. Wouk is obviously too knowledgeable to fall within the first category; he must, therefore, be placed in the second. Hence it is difficult to forgive the breezy brevity and cheerful celerity with which he rides through all the areas of outlook and insight which are the heart of religion and which have troubled the thoughtful believing Jew, not only today but through the ages.

One senses the avoidance of any serious concern with the whole field of *Emunot V'deot* "beliefs and opinions," to use the title of the medieval philosopher Saadia's great masterpiece. There is no effort to discuss the nature of Revelation, which is basic to the belief in the authority of the Torah. One's perplexity grows, when on page 182, Wouk speaks of "Moses' inspiration"—the term used is significant—and makes no effort to deal with the bearing of Revelation on the inerrancy of Scripture.

To cite another instance, the Mishnah in one of its rare passages dealing with an article of belief, declares, "He who denies the resurrection of the dead [or, in another version, that the resurrection of the dead is based upon the Torah] has no share in the world to come." (*Sanhedrin* 10:1) Herman Wouk treats the entire matter cavalierly: "The idea of survival after death poses contradictions and difficulties that have been thoroughly worked over in massive theological controversies and trivial parlor disputes over the cen-

turies." (p. 171) He closes his brief discussion with a clever reference to a bit of folklore that fails even to pose the question that has agitated human souls for centuries: "Is my grandfather eating Leviathan and drinking hidden wine in the world beyond? For all anybody can tell me, he is. I think that that is more likely, than that his spirit is dead to God." (p. 172) Does the author believe that these two are the only alternatives in the mystery of immortality?

As for the greatest stumbling-block to faith, the problem of evil, which is the fundamental religious issue debated in the pages of the Bible, finding its profoundest expression in the book of *Job*, Herman Wouk lists eight possible "explanations" in the space of less than one page, an average of three lines each. He finally dismisses the question as not really of concern to us who live in the most modern of all possible worlds.

THESE AND related themes require treatment in the presentation of any religious outlook, Orthodoxy included, even when it is viewed only from within. But whether in the Diaspora or in Israel, modern Jewry is no longer living in a "closed society" like that of its East European forbears, in an environment of low general culture, which could offer the Jew neither stimulation nor challenge. This is the essence of the revolution which the Emancipation and the Enlightenment have wrought in the position of Jews and Judaism and which for good or ill, cannot be reversed or ignored. Hence twentieth-century Jewry, in spite of chronology, has a far greater affinity with the relatively open societies of medieval Spain, Provençal France or Renaissance Italy, than with its immediate predecessors in Germany, Russia, Poland or Rumania, the matrix of the *shtetl* that our parents and grand-

parents knew so well.

The present volume exhibits this crucial weakness of Orthodoxy, the tendency to deny, when it cannot by-pass, the basic insight of the modern outlook, the sense of history, the recognition of the principle of growth and development that characterizes all life. It has been noted that Mr. Wouk disposes of Reform Judaism in one and a half pages and devotes exactly the same amount of space to Conservative Judaism, doubtless out of a sense of fair play, a desire to accord equal treatment to all comers. The Yeshiva University is given extended treatment and rather surprisingly the Hebrew Union College and the Jewish Theological Seminary are lumped together with Brandeis University and with Yeshiva Torah Voda'as, all in a foot-note of six lines. It is true that he is candid about his bias, "I have here done my best to portray the Reform and Conservative movements candidly and accurately. My portrait should perhaps be corrected in the reader's mind by a fact that will be obvious to him: my general sympathy is with the main tradition, and so I view these movements more or less as an outsider." It is not, however, Wouk's absence of sympathy but his total lack of comprehension of the problems and challenges which led to the emergence of these opposing movements which is fatal. He would be entirely within his rights in rejecting the solutions; the pity is that he is unaware of the problems. To put it in the terminology of Mr. Wouk's grandfather, it is not that he is unable to offer a *terutz* (response), but he fails to be aware of the *kushya* (question)!

The issue goes far deeper than partisanship. It is a failure to explore the fundamental implications of his own position. The reader who turns to the section entitled "The Law Today" hoping to find some discussion of its au-

thority and scope in modern times is treated to a page and a half description of the contents of his grandfather's library.

FUNDAMENTALLY, there are two possible conceptions of tradition. One regards Jewish tradition as a monolithic pillar, unchanged and unchangeable through time and circumstance. This approach to tradition, which Orthodoxy has made its own, has led it to describe itself as "traditional" and, in fact, to preempt the term "religious" whenever possible, as when the Mizrahi Organization now calls itself "Religious Zionists of America."

There is, however, another conception of tradition, which is indeed, adumbrated in the classic literature, though it is characteristic of the modern age. This view sees tradition not as a pillar but as a stream, with many currents, shoals and eddies, which take on the contours of the shore and are moulded by the character of the terrain through which it flows. It is noteworthy that Judaism speaks of the Torah as an *Etz hayyim*, "a tree of life," whose basic characteristic is growth. The mark of a living tradition is not the identity of all its parts, but their continuity and interrelatedness, so that its inner spirit is preserved, while it is being enriched and fashioned by the needs, insights and problems of each age. The sense of history is a major achievement of modern thought which no one who is truly modern can disregard. Nor is there a permanent refuge to be found in the currently popular device of the compartmentalized mind, which seeks to seal off religion from all other phases of life, by exempting it from the universal laws of growth and development.

The principle of growth as a blending of continuity and change is a fundamental element of the modern world-

view. Yet it is noteworthy that the Talmud, completed nearly fifteen hundred years ago, clearly recognized the vast extent to which Rabbinic Judaism had grown beyond the Bible, as well as the organic character of the process involved. According to a Talmudic legend at once naive and profound (*Menahoth* 29b), Moses found God adding decorative crowns to the letters of the Torah. When he asked the reason for this, the lawgiver was told: "In a future generation, a man named Akiba son of Joseph is destined to arise, who will derive multitudes of laws from each of these marks." Deeply interested, Moses asked to be permitted to see him, and he was admitted to the rear of the schoolhouse, where Akiba was lecturing. To Moses' deep distress he found that he could not understand what the scholars were saying and his spirit grew faint within him. As the session drew to a close, Akiba concluded: "This ordinance which we are discussing is a law derived from Moses on Sinai," and when Moses heard this, his spirit revived!

The implications of this legend are far-reaching. For the Talmud, tradition is not static—nor does this dynamic quality contravene either its *divine origin* or its *organic continuity*. Hence the sages could say, what most apologists for Orthodoxy would never dream of confessing, "Things not revealed to Moses were revealed to Rabbi Akiba and his colleagues." (*Midrash Bemidbar Rabbah* 19:6) It is significant that the same verb "revealed" is used both for the giver of the Law and for its interpreters a millennium and a half later.

Nowhere in his discussion has Mr. Wouk faced up squarely to this issue of the nature of tradition, and herein lies the basic defect of his presentation. He fails to recognize that even when he and his grandfather observe the same

rituals and cherish the same sancta, they belong to different worlds, and not only in the superficial sense of a few gadgets and inventions more or less.

His assertion to the contrary notwithstanding, much more separates Mr. Wouk from his grandfather than the fact that the grandson is clean-shaven while his forbear had a patriarchal beard, or that his grandfather failed to learn English while Mr. Wouk succeeded well in the enterprise. I do not suggest that there are no substantial elements of continuity between them or that many more may not be fashioned. Manifestly, however, a bridge cannot be thrown across a valley unless the engineer recognizes the existence of the valley and reckons with it in his plans.

That great divide is the sense of history. Herman Wouk's grandfather could believe that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob observed all the *mitzvot* before the giving of the Torah on Sinai, that David was a Rabbi, sitting as chief justice in the Sanhedrin and that Isaiah, Hillel, Akiba, Maimonides and Rabbi Moses Isserles were all presenting the identical message and the same body of ideas in Judaism. As an advocate of so-called "modern Orthodoxy" Herman Wouk continues to speak as if he believes the same, but he has nibbled at the Tree of Knowledge and cannot pretend that nothing has been altered in the Garden of Eden. He makes constant reference to the historian Graetz, but completely ignores the entire Science of Judaism of which Graetz was an outstanding example, but to which scholars Reform, Conservative and Orthodox all contributed. Nineteenth century scholars like Geiger, the advocate of Reform, Frankel and Weiss, dedicated to historical Judaism, David Hoffmann, committed to Orthodoxy, and their successors in the twentieth, all helped to document the evidence for the growth

of Jewish law and institutions, practices and ideas from the Bible, through the Mishnah and Talmud to the Middle Ages and beyond.

THE AMBIGUITIES and contradictions of Herman Wouk's position are clearly revealed in his discussion of "The Law":

It is the body of jurisprudence which men like my grandfather, and doctors of the learned guilds of older times, carried forward down a long chain of generations; and, dying, handed on to new jurists. It comes from a legislator of world stature, Moses, who set together elements of ancient Semitic law, and an inspired vision of a moral order under God, in a new constitution of a unique religious family-nation. This constitution is the Torah. With its common law evolved over a thousand years and set forth in the Talmud, and then broadened and amended by fifteen more centuries of codes and judicial process, it has come down to the present day. It is the religious guide for those people who hold to the identity it created and who accept Moses in their own lives as the Hebrew lawgiver. (p. 224)

The opening lines of the passage, which speaks of "the learned guilds handing on to jurists a body of jurisprudence" might very well have been spoken by Mr. Wouk's grandfather. But when Mr. Wouk refers to Moses "setting together elements of *ancient Semitic law*, or of a *common law evolved over a thousand years, broadened and amended* by fifteen centuries of code and judicial practices" (reviewer's italics) it is clear that however scrupulous he may be in the observance of traditional *minutiae*, he no longer shares the world-view of Orthodoxy. A host of questions accordingly cry for an answer. What is the nature of the process of Revelation which explains the relationship of Moses to the ele-

ments of ancient Semitic law which he set together? What are the procedures by which this common law has evolved? What were the methods of amendment during the past fifteen centuries? Has the capacity and the need for amendment in Jewish law completely disappeared in modern times? In view of this elaborate history, in what sense may we conceive of Moses as "the Hebrew law-giver"?

Herman Wouk has fallen victim to a widespread popular fallacy, which declares that since Orthodoxy preaches adherence to the *mitzvot*, whoever adheres to the *mitzvot* is *ipso facto* Orthodox. Since he is a scrupulous observer of the Sabbath, the Festivals, *Kashrut* and prayer, he identifies himself as Orthodox. Today the effort is being made to argue that hundreds of thousands of Jews who are remote from traditional Jewish life and thought belong to an imaginary category of the "non-observant Orthodox." The truth is, that like thousands of observant Jews in Orthodox and Conservative synagogues, Herman Wouk belongs to the very real category of "the observant non-Orthodox." I have no desire to loosen Wouk's institutional loyalties and personal attachments, but he belongs with large numbers of men and women today, who, whatever their formal affiliation, have surrendered the monolithic concept of tradition and are basing their loyal adherence to the *mitzvot* upon a dynamic interpretation of Judaism.

As the analysis of the last-quoted passage from the book indicates, the façade of a religious regimen and outlook impervious to challenge and free from problems crumbles upon examination. That Wouk would not wish to fall back upon the compartmentalized mind is clear from his admiration for Maimonides, of whom he says: "He was seven centuries ahead of his time; that is my belief. His credo was plain: no part of

human knowledge belonged outside Judaism or could be left outside it. If the Torah was God's word, it was linked in every sentence to the natural world; and as knowledge of the world broadened, Torah study had to expand . . ." (p. 218)

Mr. Wouk is manifestly unwilling to resign from the twentieth century: "Without question naturalism, triumphant in the past two centuries has brought forth science with its glories and its terrors. The tough mind, the exact analysis, the confidence of finding stable law under random appearance, *the replacement of easy formulas of faith with hard thinking and stubborn experiment, the resolve to leave nothing in life unexamined, to take nothing for granted*—these intellectual disciplines have created modern times. Humanity cannot backtrack from them; it would be madness to do so." (reviewer's italics, p. 276) But if men are to hold fast to these intellectual disciplines, there are problems, difficulties and tensions created by the impact of the modern temper on the Jewish tradition that cannot be ignored, decried or suppressed through excommunication or invective.

IT is this writer's deepest conviction that Judaism possesses the requisite depth of understanding and breadth of outlook, the resiliency and capacity for growth that are needed to meet the challenges and be enriched by the insights which modern life affords. This faith is buttressed by the record of history. The most creative eras of Jewish experience, notably the Biblical and the Talmudic ages, offer impressive testimony to the creative capacity of the Jewish genius to absorb what is best, its ability to modify and reinterpret what is useful, and to reject what it finds deleterious to its inner spirit in the life and thought of mankind.

Many scholars, thinkers and teachers have shared, sometimes unconsciously, in this far-flung intellectual and spiritual enterprise, which is far from completed, indeed, is never to be ended, the task of evolving a creative Judaism for our age.

When Herman Wouk seeks to categorize Judaism as consisting of "the tradition" on one side and of "formulas of dissent" for "people who want an easier life than the law asks" on the other, he is indulging in an oversimplification which is as untrue to "the tradition" as it is to "the formulas of dissent." As a matter of fact, in his endeavor to create the image of a single monolithic structure for Jewish tradition, he ignores the multi-colored variety to be found even within the purview of Orthodox Jewry.

Herman Wouk is himself a case in point. There are some observances that he does not find congenial; these he relegates to a foot-note in the back of the book, and ascribes them to "devout people." "Devout people inspect new clothes to be sure that they do not contain *shatnaze*, the mixture of linen and wool, even in the use of threads of stiffening material." (p. 310) The uninstructed reader is not likely to know that *shatnaze* is a Biblical ordinance which legally has the same standing as any other prohibition, including the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill." The same footnote contains a reference to another characteristic Orthodox rite. "Certain devout married women keep their heads covered at all times in public, usually by wearing a hat. The *sheitels* or wigs of their grandmothers, which some use instead, have evolved into modish transformations." (p. 310) He does not mention the fact that when the *sheitel* was introduced, outstanding rabbinical authorities opposed it as *hukat hagoyim* "an imitation of the practice of the Gentiles," since perukes

were very popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He ignores totally the explicit Talmudic prohibition against women singing in the presence of men, *kol be'ishah ervah*, (*Berakhot* 24a; *Kiddushin*, 70a) on the basis of which Mr. Wouk's synagogues should forbid their joining in congregational singing. The practice of making one's position the center of the universe and consigning all other views to outer darkness is at the root of the intransigence and partisanship rife in Jewish life today. The hostilities are true neither to the realities of the present, not to the noblest teachings of the past. Bigotry is a vice, not a virtue, even if it emanates from Jewish ranks.

THE ABSENCE of a sense of history vitiates Wouk's presentation of Judaism in all its rich complexity through time and with its manifold problems today. That is not all. One misses not only the perspective of the historian, but the forward thrust of the prophet. One listens in vain for the passionate cry for justice, the revolt against the tyranny, want and cruelty of the world. One does not sense the unshakable faith in the advent of the Messianic age in which the Jew must be not only witness, but participant. We do not hear the yearning of the individual soul for God of which the Psalmist sings; the doubts and fears, the hopes and passions of the human situation are all lacking. Instead, this attractive book gives us a still-life portrait of Judaism—it is Judaism in one tense; only the comfortable present is here; the past and the future are absent. It is one of the great achievements of the Biblical historians to have created the concept of a philosophy of history, as it is the imperishable contribution of the Prophets to have fashioned the vision of the New Jerusalem for mankind. Here is a static *apologia* for a Judaism,

without the dynamism either of historical insight or prophetic vision.

As against these weaknesses, we should note many excellent sections, such as the chapter on "the new permission to believe," the insight and sympathy he manifests for "the assimilationist," and above all for Herman Wouk's unequivocal tribute to Judaism as a way of life to be cherished: "Here are some of the things I learned. One can observe the laws of Moses and lead a life in the everyday world. Judaism presents steep difficulties, intellectual and practical, and its present state is disorganized; for all that it is on balance a delight, a path of integrity and of pleasure. For children born Jews, the faith taught authentically is without question a master resource of mental health and personal force. I also became convinced that the secret of Jewish survival under long stress lies in the laws of Moses, whether this survival matters to one or not." (p. 274)

Wouk is deeply moved by the miracle of Jewish survival which he takes as his point of departure. One would wish that he communicated to his readers more of the sense of divine purpose

and human dedication which justify the millennial agony as well as the timeless persistence of the Jew, who, according to the profoundest insights of Judaism, is called upon not merely to endure but to achieve the Messianic age. All schools of thought in contemporary Judaism can gain immeasurably from an infusion of the heterodox faith of Albert Einstein: "The striving after knowledge for its own sake, the love of justice verging on fanaticism, and the quest for personal independence—these are the motivating traditions of the Jewish people which cause me to regard my adherence thereto as a gift of destiny. Those who rage against the ideals of reason and of individual freedom, and seek to impose an insensate state-slavery by means of brutal force, rightly see in us their irreconcilable opponents. History has imposed upon us a severe struggle. But as long as we remain devoted servants of truth, justice and freedom, we shall not only continue to exist as the oldest of all living peoples, but we shall also, as hitherto, create, through productive effort, values which shall contribute to the ennobling of mankind."



The Great Drought

By JASCHA KESSLER

THERE HAD BEEN no rain for months and months now, and New York was moving into its July heat. It seemed to him the city, the country, the very world was drying up, that God was taking a preliminary survey of the wasteland. He had seen the posters blossom in the subways and on sides of buildings, begging all citizens not to waste the precious last few million dregs of gallons in the dwindling watersheds. Certainly the water that dribbled from the faucets tasted drier to him nowadays. What would happen if the drought continued, he wondered, what would happen to everything? It could not continue; it must not; but he realized that it would; he could visualize all.

The skies remained serenely blue. Every morning he rose and looked out of the window eagerly for a wisp of cloud. Nothing. Nor would the radio promise a drop of rain to the city, or the whole eastern seaboard for that matter.

He talked to no one about the drought anymore. It had not rained in May and June, and now that it was approaching the middle of July the subject of drought was definitely no longer a topic for discussion: it was too serious. No one could tell him anything he didn't know or feel and perhaps much more acutely at that. And there just wasn't any sign of rain. Intrepid amateur pilots had dropped ice from scores of sports planes wherever a cloud took shape over Long Island, but that was past and forgotten weeks ago. There didn't seem to be a drop of moisture anywhere in the atmosphere. Would the New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Delaware watershed soon be dry? It seemed that way. All the great twelve, sixteen, and twenty-four-foot aqueducts had already opened their valves utterly to the great metropolis, and New York's millions and millions of sinks and toilets and baths had flushed their contributions down the drains out into the sinking harbor forever.

That harbor, New York's fine estuary, was nothing more than a slimy swamp cluttered with furious mounds of sunken wreckage and garbage: tin cans, steel scrap, immense heaps of ancient stone and concrete rubble from demolished buildings; old black barges, hulks of sailing ships, burst tugboats, foundered steamers; and the skeletons of vast numbers of sea-gulls, fish, cattle, murdered humans and suicides; and the rails of trains, dumped railroad cars, autos, airplanes, lost machinery and the scuttled goods of smugglers: the whole vast precipitate and sediment of three hundred years' commerce in the greatest port of the world. Down the middle of the bay ran the central channel of the once mighty Hudson River, now but a

JASCHA KESSLER's poetry has appeared in MIDSTREAM and many other magazines. He teaches English at Hamilton College.

stinking stream, a rivulet maundering between the deserted docks of Manhattan and steep cliffs of the Jersey Palisades, running over baked cracking mud flats, once the entire bottom of the river. The brooklet, fed by the tributary waters, black and filthladen, of the city's sewers, was daily decreasing so much in volume that it could not carry the sewage loads along with it; so that the rill trickled its way through a noisome quagmire, hewing out a little Grand Canyon from mountains of black refuse which, hardening, assumed the picturesque formations of its western prototype.

The air over this muck fairly shimmered with pestilence in the July heat. He became aware of it, as must millions of others, in a sensation of sour flavor tinging the dust that always floated in the air now as haze.

What was becoming of the world's water? Where was it all going? Certainly the situation was drastic. To be sure, great modifications were changing everyone's way of life, but his own discomforts interested him most. The very act of living, even alone, was growing difficult, and strange. The private signs of dessication absorbed his attention: it needed every moment to observe their increase. And it was the same for everyone else, he supposed. So there was no time left to spend with people. Besides, there were few to be seen on the once swarming streets of Manhattan.

FEARS THAT the eastern seaboard states would turn to desert were not unfounded. The dunes of Cape Cod, multiplying enormously, lifted themselves up and began to migrate westward, northward, southward. They came over the whole desolated coast like hordes of barbarians landed from the seas, overrunning towns and cities: unbelievable yellow hordes, invincible, ubiquitous, pouring in from nowhere. A Sahara! Like herds of elephants they roamed up and down the streets of New York, their drifts flooded the steps of the Public Library and floated spectrally through the silent subway tunnels and basements and shops of the city. Soon cactus and joshua would be growing everywhere, he imagined, if there were water enough even for that.

He retreated finally to his own apartment, stocked amply with every variety of canned food. He hoped to hold out until rain fell. Occasionally he wondered if it would be any good at all if it did. How much could it rain? And think how much was needed! Rain falls over the Sahara, perhaps torrentially at times, but it all evaporates before it reaches the ground. And suppose some oases formed in New York. How many of the millions could live off them? They would mob them and strip them bare and dry in a minute. Then they would all die like flies; no, not even flies, but in numbers like the grains of sand that lay drifted as far as he could see.

Starkly remained the immediate problem: what to drink? Perhaps there was food enough in his house, hoarded in closets and on pantry shelves, but what to drink? Water there was none. That was long since. The tub and sinks and toilet had dried up, leaving rusty streaks on the bathroom tiles from their last sputterings. He imagined what had befallen outside since his judicious retirement: there had been temporary gigantic flurries in various businesses as the civilized thirst of the world moved through different sources of supply. Milk went when the cows dried up for want of grass. Then candy and drugstore fountains sold, for some time, seas of

soda over their counters. After that the bars witnessed the greatest binge imaginable in history; until all the beer was consumed, and then all the wines and whiskies—Christ! the world woke with such a horrible racking thirst. . . .

Meanwhile, as he hung grimly on in his apartment high above vacant streets, his own thirst grew daily more vehement. All his canned fruit juices went. Then he drank great quantities of sauerkraut juice. After that, nothing was left to drink. He had only cans of food: meats, vegetables; but his body lost more liquid in perspiration than it could retrieve from food unless he ate enormously; but when he ate so much his supply shrank at an astonishing rate. And his sealed apartment grew hotter and hotter during the blazing dry days of August. Then his bladder, that eternal spring of waters, began to dry up, and he ceased to urinate, save for the thick yellowish syrup which he expressed from himself to drink again, as he might drain dry the udder of a cow. He drank, rather constantly swallowed, his saliva, lest his panting breathing evaporate too much precious liquid from his mouth. Yet the steady loss of water from every pore of his body was inexorable.

By October the food was all gone. Everything in the world was surely lost now; yet the drought had not ended. The air in his rooms had been gradually replaced by dust which floated like waters in a doomed submarine closer and closer to the ceiling where he buoyed himself up, clinging desperately to his life.

With last flurries of strength he floundered to his bathroom, where, in his final moments, he remembered all the pure and glorious waters he had enjoyed in his life, long long ago before the world dried up: the sweet rocking waters of his mother's womb that enclosed him like the dust in which he was smothering now; the waters he had washed with, wallowed in here in the tub, or by the seaside; waters he had voided and dabbled in; waters he had drunk; waters that had run from taps, chrome taps and his own flesh tap, seemingly forever: the inexhaustible waters of birth, life, decay: waters gone forever from the whole wide world: waters. . . .



comment

GLAD TIDINGS

To the Editor:

I haven't the faintest idea what Judd L. Teller is talking about. What martyrdom? Who martyrdom? When martyrdom? What the hell is he talking about? I get long distance calls from *balebatim* from all over the country who are jumping out of their skins to give me glad tidings.

What are they so happy about?

Well, for instance that they had a Christian clergyman occupy the pulpit of their temple or that they had a *sukkah*, "And I had nine of the leading Gentiles sit in it," etc. This you call martyrdom?

I am only a reporter but I have crept under the skin of the Jews in America. I know how many buttons every Jew in America has on his underwear and the ones who belong to two country clubs as well as the ones who sit on the dais. As Winston Churchill would say, "Some martyrdom!"

Mr. Teller doesn't know what he is talking about when he discusses my work in terms of *The Housebroken Jew*. On the contrary in my writings and in my lectures all over the country I try to stress the point that because of the special place of Jews in the Christian tradition and in Western history, it is all but impossible for Jews to be inconspicuous or to ever be fully integrated into society, and that it is futile for Jews to attempt to be like others. Instead we should live up to this responsibility that Christianity and history have imposed upon us, and my contention is that we can be relaxed in doing it, without a vestige of self-hatred, or even introspection. That Mr. Teller missed this point in my writings is fantastic. Luckily hundreds of thousands throughout America do get the

point and particularly the Rabbinate, Orthodox, Conservative and Reform. Addressing myself, as I do, to the secularist Jews of America, the support of the Rabbinate has been one of the most rewarding aspects of my work, and I might add, the big surprise of my life.

HARRY GOLDEN

JUDD L. TELLER Replies:

Harry Golden has reciprocated better than he knows. He has not "the faintest idea what Judd L. Teller is talking about." I have not the faintest idea what he is protesting about, and why. We are still discussing, I assume, the nature of the Christian-Jewish relationship, and notwithstanding Golden's tutorial reprimand, I am one of many whose knowledge on the subject is not inferior to his. In fact, Golden and I have come to the same conclusions. He states, above, that the Jew can never "be fully integrated into society." I wrote of Golden that "he accepts the de facto condition of the Jew's social segregation." He is amused by the "glad tidings" conveyed to him by Jews whenever Gentiles eat *gefilte fish* in their *sukkah* or a Christian minister occupies a Jewish pulpit. I wrote: "Golden is offended by the defense agencies," I added, however, that "his books are precisely what these agencies prescribe." And they are. He does not oversimplify the Christian-Jewish relationship, but he oversimplifies the Jew to help that relationship along. He presents "the Jew as an American eccentric," and as such the Jew is readily accepted. But would the Jew be accepted not as entertainment, but as an equal human being? We shall see when books appear making that demand. Golden's books make no such demand.

books and authors

BETWEEN "MESSIANISM" AND "DEFENSISM"

By EZRA SPICEHANDLER

THE ZIONIST IDEA, by ARTHUR HERTZBERG, New York: Doubleday and Co. and Herzl Press, 1959. \$7.50.

IN HIS thought-provoking book, *The Zionist Idea*, Rabbi Hertzberg sets out to accomplish a twofold task: firstly, to assemble a representative anthology of Zionist thought and secondly (and this is the more exacting task), to master the complexity of the Zionist experience and to generalize an idea, or at least ideas, by which Zionism might be defined.

The first task he accomplishes with excellent taste and scholarly acumen. The anthology is representative and quite thorough. However, he omitted a number of significant Zionist thinkers, among whom are men of the caliber of Yehezkel Kaufman, Simon Rawidowicz and Hayim Greenberg. Moreover, although he included Jabotinsky, the passage chosen to represent his thought is hardly typical of that rather militant brand of Zionism which he personified. But an anthology can hardly be exhaustive and this one contains a superb collection of Zionist thought.

More exacting is Rabbi Hertzberg's attempt to define the Zionist idea and if I take issue with him I do so with full appreciation of his earnest and brilliant effort at fathoming the complex phenomenon we call Zionism. His writing is as stimulating as it is erudite. Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with his conclusions, he is in for an intellectual treat.

The basic difficulty is that Rabbi Hertzberg's approach is ideational. Such an approach is, of course, dangerous because it can lead to the distortion of the real image of Zionism. For Zionism, after all,

was not so much a philosophy as it was a tremendous and dynamic revivalist folk-movement which grew out of the living experience and the pressing needs of the Jewish people. It united under its roof a multiplicity of divergent personalities and ideas. As a result any attempt to construct an abstract scaffolding for Zionism can be daring, charming, brilliant or banal but rarely accurate.

Rabbi Hertzberg's construction is brilliant. His basic assumption is that the Zionist idea is compounded of two central themes both of which emerged as responses to the challenge of the Emancipation. The first, which he calls the *defensive response* means "the attempt to have the Jew live at once in two worlds, his own, which continues as best as it can, and the general life of society." The second, which he designates the *messianic response*, is "the attempt [of the Jew] to step outside his past into a really new age in which the past is essentially irrelevant to him." (p. 29)

In a quasi-Marxist analysis, he then suggests that the *messianic* theories of modern Jewish life attracted the "upper socio-economic echelons, the greatest immediate beneficiaries of the new opportunities... [who] were most assimilationist" while the *defensive* theories "tended to originate in the middle classes... who were the last to gain anything and were most persistently loyal to the values of the past." (p. 31)

Against this theoretical configuration, he projects among others, the conflict between Herzlian Zionism and Ahad Ha'amism. Herzl, a member of the new assimilationist class, in his opinion, tended toward the *messianic* solution. Ahad Ha'am, on the other hand, he considers a representative of the *ancien regime* of the Jewish medieval society who was engaged in the herculean task of defending the preeminence of his declining *Talmid Chacham* class in the face of the spirit of the times.

Herzl, Rabbi Hertzberg insists, possessed "profound originality and importance as a theoretician . . . What he offered was Zionism as optimism, as the most complex of modern Jewish reconciliations with the world. Messianism is the essence of his stance because he proclaimed the *historic inevitability* of a Jewish state in a world of peaceful nations." (p. 46) Herzl's Zionism was based on a Hegelian syllogism. "All men, even Jew-haters, are reasonable, and they will do what is to their interest . . . Anti-Semitism is ultimately against their interest." Therefore they will accept the Zionist solution which is the only reasonable way to eliminate anti-Semitism. (p. 46) He was also somewhat of a Nietzschean in his consciousness of the power of legend and symbol and was even influenced by Marxian determinism and anti-utopianism. (p. 47) Above all he was the champion of secular and liberal nationalism.

IN CONTRAST, Ahad Ha'am is depicted as a somewhat warped and almost anachronistic, traditionalistic figure. He was, according to Rabbi Hertzberg, motivated by a deep distrust of the Gentile world which had been nurtured in the Jewish ghetto where he had been raised. This distrust had been further reinforced by the hostility with which the Gentile world rejected him, as it had many other Jewish intellectuals, after he reached maturity. Ahad Ha'am was consequently thrown back toward a defensive position and felt "constrained to adjust [to the Jewish world] for his own religious faith had been shaken by his secularist studies." He therefore evolved "a secularist substitute for theology . . . which could not however spill over into any expansive faith in a better world soon to come." (p. 53)

According to this reading, Ahad Ha'am was convinced that the Jewish and Gentile worlds were inherently alien to each other. Even Gentile and Jewish nationalism were radically different. "There is nationalism in general, that of power, which is a genus comprising many species and individuals—i.e., all the nations of the world; counterposed to it there is the

nationalism of the spirit, a unique genus of which there is only one specie, the Jewish." (p. 55) Ahad Ha'am's famous attack on Nietzscheism was, we are told, really a veiled attack on Pan-Slavism, the prevalent philosophy of Russian nationalism. As opposed to the Nietzschean (read Pan-Slavic) idea of the superman, he counterposed the Jewish concept of the *tsadik*.*

Since he believed that Judaism and European culture were forever and inevitably in clash, Ahad Ha'am was, we are informed, compelled "to continue the miracle of makeshifts by which the Jew preserved himself . . . and to put his best energies into refreshing and reformulating the tradition." (p. 55) In a way, then, Ahad Ha'am's ideas "represent a much more thoroughgoing break with the modern world than is to be found even in Pinsker . . . Anti-Semitism is the central cleavage line in history, the front on which power and spirit forever battle." (p. 46)

Confronting the Jewish world, we are told that "here too his stance is marked by lack of trust." Inner Jewish history was viewed as a constant battleground on which the struggle between men of the spirit and between disintegrative forces is waged. Ahad Ha'am eyed with distrust the rising new classes of the Jewish world and their *messianic* outlook. He "ranked as a hidalgo and remained predisposed to believe that Jewish history had always been and would remain the history of his class." (p. 59) This class, we are told, was the old scholarly clerical class which had dominated medieval Jewish society.

Of course, Ahad Ha'am, as a pupil of Spencer and Darwin, could not fully accept the tradition. In its place he substituted the "Jewish spirit," which he was ultimately compelled to define in ethical

* This interpretation of Ahad Ha'am's "Transvaluation of Values" is mistaken. As any student of Modern Hebrew Literature knows, the essay was directed against Berdichevsky and his circle of Jewish Nietzscheans. I might add that Pan-Slavism covered a range of ideas and included the ethical nationalism of Adam Mickiewicz as well as the reactionary imperialistic views of Ignatiev. The latter elements were hardly influenced by Nietzsche.

terms. Moreover since the real Jewish situation in no way reflected the ideal spiritual society which he projected, Ahad Ha'am was compelled to utopianize by insisting that it was realizeable only in a Jewish center in Palestine. "The more pained Ahad Ha'am was by the successes of men and movements he abhorred, the less his rational arguments could withstand their attacks, the more obvious it became to him that he was losing because the battle was being waged in the wrong arena. The task . . . had to be postponed . . ." (p. 68) The spiritual center in Palestine was, therefore, proposed as a solution of a tactical dilemma.

IN BROAD lines, Rabbi Hertzberg's dialectic chart of the fluctuations of Zionist thinking is brilliant and often convincing. Unfortunately, like many abstract thinkers, he often falls victim to his own scheme and, when historical details do not fit into its procrustean bed, he has no compunction at hacking away at them.

One cannot for example easily lump all those theories which Rabbi Hertzberg calls *defensive* under a single heading. There is an essential difference between those theories which are almost purely defensive such as the ones developed by Orthodox religious elements, and those which are really integrative and were propounded by men like A. D. Gordon and Ahad Ha'am. The latter do not oppose or reject western European thought but seek to integrate it into the Jewish cultural and historical tradition. The failure to distinguish between these basically different clusters of ideas is a fundamental weakness of the book and is responsible, as I shall subsequently show, for Rabbi Hertzberg's misreading of Ahad Ha'am.

The particular choice of the term *messianic* to describe a basically assimilationist tendency is also unfortunate. Messianic is a theological term with very significant and very specific connotations. To appropriate it to describe a modern sociological phenomenon which is basic-

ally assimilationist may be a poetic *tour de force* but is hardly accurate and may even be misleading.

Another instance in which Rabbi Hertzberg's schematic approach plays havoc with a mountain of historical fact is his explanation of the economic causes which led to the differences between *messianic* and *defensive* Zionists. The reader is quite prepared to accept the view that differences in social and cultural attitudes are often the reflection of class stratification, but he is impelled to reject Rabbi Hertzberg's generalization that *messianic* views tend to reflect upper class attitudes while *defensive* views reflect those of the bourgeoisie.

Underlying this generalization is a horizontal explanation of the Jewish mental climate at the *fin de siècle*. This explanation ignores the social, demographic, economic and cultural differences which distinguished Western Jewry from those in Eastern Europe. It also fails to take into account the very important fact that while the German Jewish bourgeoisie rose to eminence in the mid-nineteenth century under the aegis of liberalism, their Russian-Jewish counterparts emerged at the close of the century in a period of reaction. In Rabbi Hertzberg's view class-stratification and class-attitude cut across these differences and the rising Jewish merchant classes of both segments shared a community of ideas which were outwardly directed toward European culture. On the other hand the *petit bourgeoisie* and the old scholarly aristocracy whether Eastern or Western Europe, according to his analysis, were inwardly directed toward the old tradition and preferred *defensive* theories. (Rabbi Hertzberg is unclear as to where the new Jewish proletariat stood.) On these grounds, he explains the differences between the political (Western or Herzlean) Zionists and the cultural (Eastern European or Ahad Ha'amist) Zionists.

This view is diametrically opposed to traditional Zionist historiography which explains these conflicts on a vertical plane, that is, on the basis of existing differences both in historical time and in

economic, geographical, cultural and demographic factors.

All existing evidence indicates that the prevalent attitude towards Judaism among most Western Jews of Herzl's days cut across class lines. It was moderately assimilationist or, if you wish, *messianic*. It is true that similar attitudes manifested themselves among enlightened Russian Jews of all classes in the heyday of the *Haskalah*. But for thousands of Maskilim the reaction which came close on the heels of Alexander II's assassination and the pogroms which it engendered in the early 1880's were the great ideational divide which lead to *Chibbat Zion* and to cultural Zionism. In Germany and France, despite the rise of reaction in the eighties and nineties, the Jewish middle classes maintained their faith in the Emancipation as did, of course, their upper class leaders. Witness their poor response even to political Zionism and their deep patriotism for their native lands.

RABBI HERTZBERG's employment of this thesis to explain the conflict between Herzl and Ahad Ha'am is another example of such an error in detail. Herzl was not *messianic* because he was a member of a new class. He was *messianic* because of his middle-European upbringing. Ahad Ha'am was not *defensive* because he was a member of the old *Talmid Chacham* class. It so happens that he was a typical member of the new rising Russian Jewish merchant class. He spent a good part of his life as businessman and at the height of his career served as a successful administrator for a large and modern tea firm.

His attitude toward the Jewish past grew out of his Eastern European Jewish milieu; his delight in science, *kultur* and ethics were a result of his Russian education and of the efforts of the post enlightenment Russian bourgeois intellectual (Jew and Christian) to reconcile the old religious ethics and symbols with the accepted scientificism of the day. (See my article: "Reflections on Ahad Ha'am," *Midstream*, Winter 1959.) The image of Ahad Ha'am as an archetypal

Talmid Chacham is but a romanticized reading of his career made by secularized Zionist Hebrew teachers in a desperate attempt to justify their inclusion of his secularist and positivist heresies into the curriculum of religious schools! Baruch Kurzweil has demonstrated to the point of exaggeration, how un-Jewish Ahad Ha'am really was. To dub him an agnostic Rabbi may be good journalism but it is rather meaningless historiography.

The view of Ahad Ha'am as a distrustful ghetto Jew is untenable. He evinced an almost idolatrous enthusiasm for British and French thought and culture. His intellectual world was more influenced by Mill, Hume, Spencer, Tarde and Durkheim than by Maimonides or Rabbi Akiba. His whole program was an attempt to legitimize a synthesis of Jewish and European culture. Unlike S. D. Luzatto, he never attacked Western culture, nor did he counterpose Judaism to it. What he attacked was self-effacing and wholesale assimilation, and what he sought was an honorable method of integrating this new and rich culture with the national culture of secularized Jews. Even his critique of Christianity was much more the critique of a utilitarian-positivist liberal European than that of a traditionalist Jew. When it drew on Jewish apologist ideas, it drew more from Geiger and Lazarus than from traditionalist apologetics. He was more incensed by the cultural assimilation which was manifested by Claude Montefiore's book on the New Testament than by the Christian dogmas against which he (Ahad Ha'am) argued. In his gentlemanly disdain for the self-effacing assimilationist, he was second only to Herzl himself.

He did not counterpose Jewish nationalism to all Gentile nationalisms. His attack was limited to rabid nationalism whether Jewish or non-Jewish. (See his attack on Zionist extremists, Ahad Ha'am's Letters, VI.) His article *Job and Prometheus* contains praise of enlightened Gentile nationalism and an attack on those Jewish chauvinists who believed that only Judaism was moral. (*Collected Works*, 280-1.)

His anti-messianism was the result of his positivist distrust of ideologies and metaphysics rather than a distrust of humanity. He had a positivist's contempt for the empty messianic phraseology of German Jewish liberal theology and a genuine fear of Jewish pollyannism. His evaluation of world conditions and the amorality of diplomacy were typical of the lack of naïveté of a pupil of Pisarev and Chernishevsky and not of the ghettos of the Pale of Settlement. His estimates of political realities (including the nascent Arabic nationalism and the limits of the British commitment in 1917) were maturer than Herzl's because he was a positivist and a Russian and not a semi-romantic Viennese. This realism did not betray a lack of faith in morality and in human decency. The record of his personal comportment is ample evidence to the contrary.

Ahad Ha'am's cultural snobbism and his distrust of the uncultured (I suppose this means the masses, although he seemed to possess the liberal faith that all men can be educated) were characteristic of his new class. Herzl was by temperament even more undemocratic and much more the real *hidalgo*. In the Zionist Congresses, it was the Ahad Ha'amist faction which was called—and rightly so—the democratic faction.

I MUST likewise take issue with Rabbi Hertzberg's idolatrous portrait of Herzl. This I do with full realization of Herzl's genius as an organizer, and of the personal magnetism which enabled him to become the mytheopic incarnation of the Messianic personality. Herzl was no philosopher and certainly no Hegelian. He had no systematic philosophical training and made no attempts to build a philosophical system. He was of course *au courant* with the latest intellectual fads of his journalist's milieu. As an able feuilletonist, he possessed the antenna which enabled him to pick up current ideas and to use them to reinforce his arguments. His diaries are full of fanciful ideas which indicate how unsystematic a thinker this remarkable visionary was. To mar the image of what Nahum

Goldman once called Herzl's great naïveté by turning him into a profound scholar and social philosopher, is unfair to Herzl and to history.

All this brings me back to my opening remarks and to the original reservations which I expressed about the ideational complex of Zionism. The truth is that Zionism meant so many things to so many people that it almost defies ideational categorization. A movement which can bring together Theodore Herzl, Shmuel Mohliver, Menachem Beigin and Martin Buber moves beyond the realm of a unified idea and becomes an ideational catch-all which means various things to various men. The founding fathers of Zionism were wise enough to realize this fact and to concentrate their attention on the practical tasks of the movement. Ideological problems were left unresolved and were relegated to that marvellous ideational escape-valve, the Zionist Congress' *general debate*.

Although in his closing remarks, Rabbi Hertzberg makes a point of his scientific objectivity and does not openly choose sides, I cannot help feeling that in the great theoretical debate between the *defensive* and the *messianic* ideologies, he emotionally sides with the latter. The reviewer in *Commentary* magazine sensed this and facetiously attributed the few kind words which Rabbi Hertzberg has to say about Ahad Ha'am to the prejudices of his rabbinic profession.

The historian's mirror is a fickle thing and usually reflects the society he lives in rather than the historical event which he describes. I believe that Rabbi Hertzberg's sympathy for Herzl and his *messianic* response, grows out of the contemporary situation of American Zionism. Modern American Jewry is the heir to the optimism which prevailed in pre-Hitlerian Germany. The process of acculturation has made the messianic view of Zionism the more palatable. On the other hand, Ahad Ha'amism, despite Dr. Kaplan's heroic efforts to revive it, cannot really compete with the rising stock market or the rapid decline in anti-Semitism and in cultural differences. A grandiloquent Zionism toying with mes-

sianic phrases and requiring little commitment in the world of deeds fits the mood.

A philosophy of cultural assimilation has also made inroads into the modern Israeli milieu. There, too, *Messianism* has been rediscovered. Martin Buber's recent admonition against misuse of this term for political purposes ought not to be ignored. (*CCAR Journal*, January, 1958, 30)

Neither Judaism nor Zionism will be able to survive any form of assimilation, however we gild it with traditionally fraught terminology. Those who wish to preserve the integrity of Judaism and Jewish culture will have to turn to some of those theories which Rabbi Hertzberg has misnamed *defensive*, but which I prefer to call integrative.

Ahad Ha'am may have been wrong in his attempt to solve the problem of Judaism before solving the Jewish problem, but now that the gravity of the Jewish problem has been mitigated, Ahad Ha'am's basic question moves to the fore of our historic stage: How can modern Jewry synthesize the great tradition of Judaism with the Western culture which we confronted with the dawn of the Emancipation. The solution he proposed may no longer meet our needs, but we must face his question if we are to survive as Jews or Zionists in this post-Jewish State era.

(Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg has been invited to submit a reply to this critique.)

ALMOST, INDEED, THE FOOL

By LESLIE A. FIEDLER

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF, by NORMAN MAILER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Inc., 1959. \$5.00.

SURELY, the most moving, the truest and saddest book to have appeared in the United States during the last year is Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself*. It is a confession in the form of an anthology, an autobiography disguised as

a running commentary on a chronologically arranged collection of Mailer's shorter writings over the past twenty years. There is a little of everything: short stories, newspaper columns, editorials, pseudo-poems, dramatic fragments; even selections from Mailer's already published novels (which he assumes, correctly, have remained unread), and from one which he will clearly never finish. There is the sense everywhere of a writer, baffled and near despair, trying for one last time to break through to the talent he dreamed he had at seventeen, to the audience he refuses to admit does not exist. Finally, and despite its occasional outbursts of apocalyptic hope, its praise of the Good Orgasm and the Hip Life, *Advertisements for Myself* is the story of the defeat of the writer in America, a work like, say, Griswold's *Life of Poe* or Edmund Wilson's recension of Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crackup*. Mailer is, however, his own Griswold and Wilson, denigrating critic and adulatory surviving friend in one; and where he cannot himself provide sufficient occasion for self-hatred or self-pity, he draws on unfriendly reviews, nasty letters to the editor, accounts of private snubs.

"The shits are killing us," he tells us is the motto of his book; and there is evidence enough that he at least has been wounded by the shits in whose world American writers now, as in the time of Poe or Fitzgerald, have to fight for survival. It is the failure of others, of the "squares" that Mailer chiefly describes, the timidity of publishers, the venality or condescension of reviewers, popular and academic, the vulgar spite of the purveyors of popular culture; but he betrays also the inadequacy of the hip world he considers his own; its ignorance and insularity, its hysterical pursuit of sensation, its small rivalries and paranoid fantasies. Mailer himself appears to believe that a radio interviewer deliberately doctored a tape to make Mailer's voice sound thin and fruity, his own rich and assured. What else can he believe, being convinced in the first instance that he himself somehow just missed sparking the

Coming Sexual Revolution in the columns of a small-circulation newspaper run by a friend, and that it is the fear of his hipster's code of marijuana, jazz and the orgasm which has made the publication of his books difficult!

Yet the case Mailer makes against our culture is strengthened rather than weakened by the provinciality and paranoia which cue his accusations. That the unmitigated ambition which has driven him all his life, the frantic dedication to honesty should eventuate in a case history rather than a triumph, this is the final terror, a guilt in which we are all involved. What is there to choose, we are compelled to ask, between resisting the values of our society and acceding to them, if the one means writing, like Mailer, incoherent and sentimental articles in *Dissent* (e.g., "The White Negro")—and on the other, composing dull appeals for cleaner television like the piece by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in the current T.V. Guide (which lists all the week's programs between ads for Philadelphia Cream Cheese and PERMA-GRIP: "Enjoy Peace of Mind despite False Teeth!") If there *were* a choice, I would, of course, stand with Mailer, whose enemies at least seem more like my own. But I cannot finally believe there is more than an illusion of choice; for a remembered scene haunts me in which Schlesinger and an editor of *Dissent* are lounging at opposite ends of a fashionable Cape Cod beach and one cannot be sure to which party the Negro maid is hurrying with umbrella and baby bottle. Dying we surely are, but in a style to which it is hard to get accustomed!

As a matter of fact, it is precisely at the seaside in Wellfleet—and in the advertising offices among bright, young sociologists, sure that they should be spending their time on something loftier than removing the stigma from Coca-Cola—that a Mailer revival is now going on. "The conscience literature of the new \$30,000 a year men," one more than ordinarily self-conscious \$30,000 a year man recently called Mailer's novels; and this new popularity Mailer has *not* come to terms with in the present book. It is a

final irony before which even he flinches, that he—who began as a middlebrow bestseller, then lapsed into obscurity, returns to popularity among a minority who find his simple-minded intransigence on the subject of sex a metapolitics compatible with their own loss of youth and poverty. It is not as a good writer but as a rebel whose rebellion threatens (alas) nothing that Mailer appeals to such readers.

INDEED, he is not a really first-rate novelist at all—and it is here that the pathos of his exemplary position is compounded. *The Naked and the Dead* is a cliché-ridden rewrite of the standard post-World War I protest novel, its villain-General half *Daily Worker* Fascist and half G.I. faggot. One is not surprised to learn in this volume that it had been half-conceived by the undergraduate Mailer before he had ever left Harvard to go to the war. *Barbary Shore* is a belated thirties novel dissolved into incoherence by a hysteria irrelevant to its politics; while *The Deer Park*, for all its evident honesty, loses its sexual point amid the stereotypes of two decades-worth of anti-Hollywood attitudinizing. Only now is Mailer beginning to escape from the limitations of the middlebrow protest novel, as he takes up—late as usual—the cause of the hipster, existentialism and Reichian genitality.

Perhaps the best thing he has ever written is the outrageous and hilarious account (blow by blow, and smell by smell) of a foredoomed sexual encounter between a culturally pretentious co-ed (in analysis) and a sexual athlete, whose vanity and obtuseness one hopes Mailer perceives. Called in this collection "The Time of her Time," the story will presumably be part of an immense novel, whose introduction, ponderously vacuous, concludes this book—and its protagonist is that same Sergius O'Shaughnessy who appeared in *The Deer Park*. Sergius was first imagined, we learn in these pages, as a mythically potent hero dreamed by "a small, frustrated man, a minor artist manqué"; but he has unfortunately come to seem real to Mailer: not the embodi-

ment of nostalgia for the unimaginably perfect orgasm but that orgasm made flesh. Without his counterfoil outside the dream he is the least credible male in modern fiction.

In the *Advertisements*, however, the dreamer excluded from Mailer's fiction returns under the name of Norman Mailer, a real Hero of Our Time, the artist manqué, unnerved alike by success and failure, reminded by his wife of how continually he goofs, endlessly engaged in persuading himself that he is a tough head though he can never forget he had to learn to fight from books. The Harvard Boy as Hipster and Ex-Celebrated Author, he is put down by everyone: writers of letters to the papers, homosexual editors, T.V. interviewers—not least of all his amused, agonized, critical self. Almost tenderly he anthologizes the insults of minor enemies and the rebuffs of those from whom most of all he wanted love—even the two writers whose child he feels himself, Hemingway and Faulkner. To Hemingway, almost tremulously he had sent *The Deer Park* with an inscription asking a reaction and a proud, foolish warning that "if you do not answer . . . I will never attempt to communicate with you again." The package to which he entrusted book and love letter came back marked "Address Unknown—Return to Sender."

With Faulkner, it was a little different, though the final result was not unlike. Not Mailer but an alert editor sent to the older writer Mailer's comment that "the white man fears the sexual potency of the Negro," to which not-very-useful cliché, Faulkner responded that he had often heard the idea expressed "though not before by a man. The others were ladies . . . usually around 40 or 45 years of age." It was a stand-off really; Mailer who had over the air called Eisenhower a "woman" had been answered in kind, but he could not resist a last retort. His embarrassingly jejune answer does not matter; what counts is the fact that in painful candor he reports it with the rest of the interchange—completing to the final pathetic detail the Portrait of the

Artist as a Middle-aged Man, in which a generation can see itself and squirm: the unfulfilled writer, contemptuous of his peers, rebuffed by the mass audience, read by slobs and snubbed by the few elders he admires. Only a fool would confess to recognizing in such an image himself; but Mailer has had the final intelligence—or grace—to play for the world that torments him precisely such a fool, almost, indeed, the Fool.

BETWEEN GOD AND HITLER

By THEODORE FRANKEL

GOD'S MAN: THE STORY OF PASTOR NIEMOELLER, by CLARISSA START DAVIDSON. New York: Ives Washburn Inc., 1959. \$3.95.

SHORTLY AFTER Pastor Niemoeller, famous in World War One as a German submarine commander and in World War Two as one of Hitler's most outspoken opponents, had been liberated from Dachau by the Americans, he gave a press interview which turned out to be one of the more tumultuous events in a stormy and controversial career. In it Niemoeller managed to leave the impression that he considered the German people unfit for democracy, that "honest" Germans felt no responsibility for what happened under Hitler and that during the war Germans had been justified in not asking the right or the wrong of the war. When the debacle was over, a Hollywood producer, who till then had intended doing a movie of Niemoeller's life, shrugged his shoulders and said, "He is done. What he needed was a good public relations man."

A good public relations man, or rather woman, is what Pastor Niemoeller got for his American biographer. Mrs. Davidson, the author of *God's Man*, is not only the Secretary of the Metropolitan Church Federation, and past president of the Women's Advertising Club of St.

Louis, but also a newspaper feature writer, what is known in the trade as a "sob-sister." Handpicked by Niemoeller personally, she has turned out one of those "most-unforgettable-character-I-have-known" jobs, chatty, glib and full of "positive thinking." Not content with "sweetening" crusty old Niemoeller, she has extended uncritical acceptance, innocently I trust, to far less savory sources. Surely, Mrs. Davidson should have known better than to accept on face value the old Nazi canard that the Weimar Republic encouraged the immigration of Jews from Rumania and Poland. Nor should a statement such as this go without comment: "Many Protestants [in the Germany of the 20's] began to associate Judaism with Marxism and Marxism with godlessness. They connected Judaism with the activities of the Communist groups, which encouraged people to try companionate marriage, to avoid their church taxes, to leave the church," particularly in view of the audience to which this book is evidently addressed. The presumed composition and intellectual level of this audience can perhaps best be gauged by the author's assumption that the following sentences, grammar and all, would endear Niemoeller to the reader: "Even to his family and close friends Martin Niemoeller has never talked about the grim sights of Dachau, it is of the human, the lighter, the brighter, the friendly side of which he speaks."

The quote reveals all about Mrs. Davidson's technique, but only part of Niemoeller's mind. For Niemoeller is a complex character, beset by self-contradiction and turmoil—the result of a tradition-bound mentality reacting violently to a social situation for which the traditions he inherited did not prepare him. Niemoeller's tradition is that of German Protestantism, the social situation that of the secular state—and the clash between the two tells the story of Niemoeller's life.

German Protestantism, or to be exact German Lutheranism, was founded on the union between State and Church; specifically, on the union between Im-

perial Germany and the Protestant church. Niemoeller's personal life is a prime example of this basic identity. The son of a Lutheran pastor, Niemoeller became a naval career officer, and during the first World War distinguished himself as the commander of a submarine. According to Mrs. Davidson, he was known as "the Scourge of Malta." Having served the fatherland during the war, he found it perfectly natural to switch to a clerical career, experiencing neither doubts about his shooting days nor any particular "call" for religious service. No more, apparently, was involved than moving from one part of the "establishment" to another. After his ordination he slowly ascended the pastoral ladder, landing the desirable pastorate of Berlin-Dahlem in 1931.

The Weimar Republic which at that time was drawing its last breath had been extremely uncongenial to Niemoeller and Protestants of his cast for reasons which were, characteristically, religious, political and social all at once. The basic objection was to the newly established separation of State and Church. To appreciate Niemoeller's position, it must be realized that according to Lutheran doctrine, the State is the instrument of God; that to obey the State is to obey God and to disobey it is to disobey God. Lutheran doctrine on this point is not based on the famous "Give unto Caesar" passage in the New Testament which establishes the dualism of State and Church and roughly defines the Catholic attitude, but on Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chapter 13, which reads, "1. Let every person be subject to the governing authorities. For there is no authority except from God, and those that exist have been instituted by God. 2. Therefore he who resists the authorities resists what God appointed, and those who resist will incur judgment. . . . 5. Therefore, one must be subject not only to avoid God's wrath, but also for the sake of conscience."

IN THEORY, then, Niemoeller and his fellow Lutherans should have been able to accept the secular Weimar Republic without reservations, since doc-

trine deduces from Romans 13 that *all* authority is divinely derived (Martin Luther had cited Turkish rule specifically); but historically, German Protestantism had been tied so closely to the rise of the German national state, that in the minds of the Protestant faithful one could not be thought of without the other. By severing religious ties to Rome, the Protestant church had created the spiritual preconditions for German national independence. The rise of nationalism, on the other hand, had determined the character and the organization of the Protestant church, because leadership in the church quite naturally fell to those feudal and bourgeois interests which held the leadership of the state. The personal union of State and Church was ultimately exemplified in the person of the emperor, leader of both the German Protestant church and the German Empire. It was expressed also in the unwavering support which the church gave to the classes dominating the social scene prior to 1914 and to the social standards and mores of that class.

Niemöller appears to have been a representative specimen of that class. His attitude to the Jews was typical. One of his closest collaborators, Dr. Franz Hildebrand, a Protestant clergyman of Jewish descent, is quoted as saying, "Martin Niemöller was a member of the officers' class in which a certain amount of what my Jewish friends term 'Our dear old decent anti-Semitism' is almost taken for granted. You limit Jews in attendance at universities, you do not join the same clubs, your children do not marry them. Niemöller may have condoned this kind of exclusion of Jews. But after 1933, when it became a question of treating Jews as second-class citizens, of taking their jobs, property, lives, he came to their defense and fearlessly so."

Obviously, a man of this cast must have been deeply disturbed by the Weimar Republic and all its work: the separation of State and Church, the weakened power of the former ruling class, the internationalism of the new parties. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that he, like so many others of his class, voted for Hitler in 1924 and 1928,

particularly since the Nazis had promised in article 24 of their program, "the Party as such stands for positive Christianity." If Martin Niemöller did not follow his brother, Pastor Wilhelm Niemöller, into the Nazi Party, it was because he had come to the conclusion that it was best for a clergyman not to be politically affiliated.

When Hitler assumed the chancellorship in 1933, Martin Niemöller, according to Mrs. Davidson, "like many other Protestants, greeted the Nazi victory with a heart of thanksgiving and hope, a feeling of optimism that a change had been made and the change would be for the good."

Niemöller's first, and principal, falling-out with the Nazis, ironically enough concerned the separation of State and Church. He had confidently expected to see the Protestant church reestablished in the position of State religion and was of course disappointed when the Nazis made a claim to total power for themselves and allowed church affiliation to remain a matter of private choice. Niemöller thundered from his pulpit, "This nation—our nation—will either be a Christian nation or it will cease to exist. . . . For that reason . . . the question of religion [cannot] ever be a private matter among us."

The Nazi answer was to subordinate the Protestant church to the Party, to turn it into an instrument of Party policy. A Nazi sympathizer was "elected" head of the Protestant church, the church synod was pressured into accepting the Aryan legislation, the swastika flew over the churches as early as July 1933 and pastors were instructed to ask divine blessing for the progress of the Nazi movement.

This *Gleichschaltung* of the body of the Protestant church was considerably eased for the Nazis by Protestant adherence to the doctrine of the divine derivation of *all* state authority. So deeply ingrained was this doctrine in the German soul, that a great many faithful Christians saw themselves in a very real theological dilemma which they found impossible to resolve even when the Nazi terror touched them and their families.

(For a very affecting document bearing on this dilemma the reader is directed to the posthumous diary of the German poet Jochen Klepper.)

If Niemoeller escaped the dilemma, it was due to his determination to restore the Protestant church to its former partnership in the establishment—not realizing that the new totalitarian party suffered no partners. Ultimately, his opposition was based on a profound political illusion and on a way of thinking which had been rendered irrelevant by the social developments in Germany. This in no way diminishes his merit in exposing himself when others, who shared his views, kept a timid silence.

Both Niemoeller's naiveté and his courage were well demonstrated on the occasion of a visit of forty Protestant clergymen to Hitler's headquarters in 1934. Niemoeller had, Mrs. Davidson says, "great hopes for the meeting." During the meeting he, along with the others, affirmed that they harbored no animosity to the Third Reich. But when Hitler accused the clergymen of working against "his" bishop, Niemoeller replied, "the responsibility for our German nation has been laid upon our [the Protestant clergy's] souls and no earthly authority can take away this responsibility from our hearts, not even you."

FROM THEN ON Niemoeller's struggle against the Third Reich was joined in earnest. His major target was the new Nazi-installed hierarchy of the Protestant church and the Nazi church front organization, called the German Christians, which Niemoeller recognized as subversive to his church. One of the early highlights of his campaign, conducted from the pulpit, the study and lecture halls was the famous Bremen meeting of 1934, which declared "Obedience to this church government is disobedience to God." Another resolution against the Nazi bishop, sparked by Niemoeller stated, "We must deal with the Reich Bishop according to the verse 'we must obey God rather than man.'" (The import of this protest should not be exaggerated; the statement was directed

against the person of the bishop, not against the government.)

Niemoeller also adopted a very courageous stand on the so-called Aryan legislation. Though then still not free from anti-Semitic prejudices, he came courageously to the defense of the Jews "when it became a question of treating Jews as second-class citizens, of taking their jobs, property, lives."

It should be realized, however, that at the time his primary concern was for the so-called *Judenchristen*, Christians of Jewish descent. Deeply committed to the mission of the church (and the Lutheran church is a missionary church) Niemoeller could not consider the exclusion of converts of whatever race as anything but a desecration of the baptismal and confirmation acts, the very initiation rites of *all* church membership.

From 1934-37 Niemoeller was the most outspoken leader of the Protestant opposition to Nazism, a movement known as the Confessing Church. The struggle took the form of a curious war of nerves, waged on Niemoeller's side with sermons,

THE JEW AND COMMUNISM

A critical and objective attempt to assess Communist inroads among Jews in the United States between the two World Wars, and the stiff resistance they encountered.

By MELECH EPSTEIN

author of *JEWISH LABOR IN U.S.A.*

"This book is the first and only full-length account of the relationship between American Jews and the Communist party. It is based on first-hand information and is an invaluable document for anyone interested in the history of American Jews or American Communists."

—Nathan Glazer, author and sociologist

"Epstein's account is a necessary one for any theorizing about Jewish radicalism . . . But what gives the book a distinctive spice and flavor are the number of shrewd character sketches of leading Communists which Epstein peppers throughout his narrative."

—Daniel Bell, Professor of Sociology, Columbia University

"Mr. Epstein's book brings to light both the collective and individual 'inner man' of Communism."

—J. B. S. Hardman, author

Price: \$6.50

Order from your book store or from

TRADE UNION SPONSORING COMMITTEE
22-24 West 38th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

speeches, pamphlets and the prestige of the old militant Reformist spirit, and by the Nazis with police surveillance, arrests, searches, cross-examinations, wire-tapping and public defamation. Both parties were curiously handicapped: Niemoeller by his patriotic friends who counseled obedience, or at least caution—and the Nazi Party by fear of antagonizing their own followers.

It must be admitted that it took a man of exceptional character to do what Niemoeller did daily for close to four years, and Germany and mankind are much in his debt for the example he set.

By 1937 the Nazi Party felt sufficiently strong to try him on a charge of sedition, subsequently mitigated to one of abusing the pulpit for political ends—and again it is characteristic of Niemoeller's attitude to "the authorities" that his defense was purely defensive: he was an ardent patriot, he had served during World War I, he had fought against the Spartacists, he had voted the Nazi ticket in 1924.

The next eight years Niemoeller spent in various concentration camps. Owing to his great popularity among the German people, he was treated fairly well; his own conduct was above reproach always, but under the tension of prolonged incarceration he showed a certain lack of stability and a penchant for violent solution, which quite frequently characterize willful and obstinate men when finally brought to bay. Repeatedly, he considered conversion to Catholicism and when the war broke out he volunteered for submarine service. His application was much criticized at the time, since it implied, however indirectly, support of Hitler's atrocities—unjustly I think, for from Niemoeller's point of view, it constituted no more than a conditioned reaction to the call of "duty to the fatherland" by an old naval officer; that his fatherland no longer existed, Niemoeller was apparently as loath to realize in 1939 as he had been in 1934. The dialectic consideration that "objectively" he would help Nazism was simply not in him.

Niemoeller's attitude to the concentration camp was characterized at the time by his statement: "We knew that this

[Dachau] was a great camp and that there was another part of it... There were always a certain number of Jews in the camp and we always knew that they were death candidates... Everyone felt that there was something terrible and sinister going on in the other part of the camp, but each person had the feeling, 'If I know about it, then it exists. Leave me alone and don't tell me what you know. I don't want to know because I can't bear it.'"

It is only fair to add that this statement was not Niemoeller's last on the subject. Following his release from concentration camp in 1945, Niemoeller has frequently antagonized German popular opinion on the question of German responsibility for the Nazi horror. In the famous Stuttgart Statement on Guilt of the Council of the Protestant Churches which, according to Mrs. Davidson, had been drafted by Niemoeller, stand the following sentences, "We know ourselves to be one with our people in a great company of suffering and in a great solidarity of guilt. With great pain we say: Through us endless suffering has been brought to many peoples and countries." And on the Jewish question, in particular, he has said, "The guilt of the German people exists, even if there were no other guilt than that of the six million clay urns containing the ashes of burned Jews from all over Europe." And again, in 1946, in words that are as true today as they were then, "The guilt question is not discussed today—it is avoided. So far we have not taken seriously the conceptions of guilt and atonement. We were dreaming when we thought guilt belonged to the past. When, however, in the midst of a Christian people six million persons are deliberately murdered because they belong to another race, then no one can maintain that guilt is not a fearful reality." Mrs. Davidson adds, "He accused. His fellow Germans turned away. 'They didn't want to hear the word guilt,' says Mrs. Niemoeller, 'because they felt guilty.'"

Niemoeller's career since 1945 has continued stormy, but these were mostly

storms in a teacup. With his one great enemy, Nazism, formally defeated Niemoeller has expended his energies and his talent for opposition on a great many minor issues, and in the process his great courage has only too often turned to crankiness, his pride to petulance. Now Church President of Hesse and Nassau, he has become embroiled in a good many intra-church fights, and he became involved in a lawsuit with the German Defense Ministry for having referred to some portions of military training as "a high school for potential criminals"; he has called off a British lecture tour because he had been questioned for what he felt was an excessive time by a British immigration official. An ardent pacifist, he has endorsed the Communist sponsored "World Peace Council" with the same naiveté that once led him to vote for the Nazis. His personal ambition to serve as a bridge between East and West has led him to undertake much publicized journeys to Russia and East Germany. Once almost a Catholic convert, he has attacked the Catholic domination of the present Bonn government with such intemperate words as these: "In western Germany Protestants are confronted with a totalitarian Christianity even after the ghost of the totalitarian race faith has blown away." His words reflect his bitterness at the change in the situation of the German Protestant church, once the State religion and now out-manuevered at the polls in West Germany by the Catholic Christian-Democratic Party and persecuted in East Germany by the Communists.

It is characteristic of Niemoeller's paradoxical situation that today he has been excluded from the life-and-death struggle currently being fought between the Protestant church of Germany and the Communist regime of East Germany along lines he had worked out in practice (though not in theory) during the Nazi time. Last October, Bishop Dibelius of Berlin-Brandenburg, chairman of the Council of the Evangelical Church of Germany, caused a sensation by his new

PARTISAN REVIEW

WINTER, 1960

ALBERTO MORAVIA —
"The Woman from Mexico"
(Story)

LESLIE A. FIEDLER —
The Novel and America

RICHARD WOLLHEIM —
"Orwell Reconsidered"

ELIZABETH HARDWICK —
"Living in Italy: Reflections on
Bernard Berenson"

HAROLD ROSENBERG —
"Art Book, Book Art, Art"

MAX HAYWARD —
"Soviet Literature in the
Doldrums"

F. W. DUPEE —
The Other Dickens

LIONEL ABEL —
"Not Everyone is in the Fix"

Contributions by

Richard Chase, Irving Howe, Frank
Kermode, Kenneth Koch, George
Lichtheim, James Merrill, William
Merwin, Howard Moss, Howard
Nemerov, A. Alvarez

PARTISAN REVIEW

22 East 17th Street

New York 3, New York

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 year at \$4.00

☐ 2 years at \$6.50

(Please add 50¢ per year for postage
to Canada and other foreign countries.)

.....
(Name)

.....
(Address)

.....
(City)

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Please bill me.

interpretation of Paul's doctrine of the Christian's unquestioned obedience to the State. According to Bishop Dibelius, a totalitarian state which claims to be an end-in-itself rather than a means for God's end, has forfeited all divinely sanctioned claims to its Christian citizens' obedience. Adherence to the laws of such a state may be prompted by the instinct of self-preservation or by the love of one's fellow men but no longer by the work of God or by man's conscience. It is too early to assess the impact which this attempt at revising fundamental Lutheran doctrine will have on the attitude of the Protestant church or of the

German public at large toward "authority." It is ironic that the revision does not seem to have Niemoeller's approval, for he apparently holds the communist authorities to be "from God"; doubly ironic because it was Niemoeller's stand, if not his outdated philosophy, during the Nazi time that did much to lay bare the fundamental opposition between the Church and the totalitarian state.

However, it is part of the logic of Niemoeller's character that, having outlived his great period, he has been condemned to an anti-climactic existence. Praise him or blame him, in his generation he was, like Noah, a righteous man.

SAILINGS EVERY 3 WEEKS FROM NEW YORK TO



PIRAEUS and HAIFA

ABOARD THE MODERN FLEET OF

ZIM *צ'ים* *Lines*

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

ZIM ISRAEL NAVIGATION COMPANY, LTD.

OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVES: AMERICAN-ISRAELI SHIPPING CO., INC.

Digby 4-7600 • 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39 United States Code Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MIDSTREAM, A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW, published quarterly at NEW YORK, N. Y. for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: *Publisher:* THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION, INC., 250 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y., *Editor:* SHLOMO KATZ, 250 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y., *Business Manager:* None.

2. The owner is: THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION, INC., 250 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. DR. EMANUEL NEUMANN, *Chairman*, 250 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. 19. MRS. ROSE L. HALPRIN, *Vice-Chairman*, 255 E. 74th St., N. Y. C. 21. RABBI MAX KIRSHBLUM, *Secretary-Treasurer*, 2222 84th St., Brooklyn 14, N. Y. RABBI IRVING MILLER, 975 Allen Lane, Woodmere, L. I.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 14th day of October, 1959

ELIZABETH C. SHUB, *Editorial Assistant*

ANDREW J. SITZMAN
Notary Public, State of New York
(My commission expires March 30, 1960)

(Seal)

from the four corners*(Continued from Page 4)*

change of mind and attitude. Until then, Israel stands prepared.

(Yigal Allon, the author of this message, commanded the striking force of Haganah during the Jewish struggle against British rule. In the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 he commanded the Israeli troops on three fronts. At the end of this successful campaign he met, among other Egyptian officers, Colonel Nasser, and discussed with him the situation at the front before the armistice. General Allon is now a member of Knesset, a leader of the Zionist Socialist Achdut Party, and Chairman of both the Jewish-Arab Labor Affiliation of Israel and the Israel-India Friendship League.)

(By courtesy of the New Statesman.)

SARTRE'S PRISONERS OF ALTONA

By HENRY POPKIN

AFTER FOUR YEAR'S absence, Jean-Paul Sartre has returned to the stage with a play that has taken Paris by storm and has re-established him in the first rank of French dramatists. His chief rival, Jean Anouilh, has three successful plays now running in Paris, and they are very attractive plays, but all three together have not aroused the excitement that Sartre has elicited with just one, *The Prisoners of Altona*. This play has survived an extraordinary combination of obstacles to its success—its great length, uneven performance, uncertain audibility, a rather contrived plot.

Sartre's hero is a madman, and the play is constructed upon his bold enactment of his fantasies. A shipbuilder of Altona, near Hamburg, he summons his family together—his daughter, his feckless son, his son's wife. The old man is called "old Hindenburg" by his family, and he bears a considerable physical resemblance to the German

President who brought Hitler to power. He announces that he will die of cancer of the throat in six months and that, in consequence, his son must promise to direct his company and to spend the rest of his life in the gloomy old house in Altona. The daughter-in-law, Johanna, objects, asserting that the father is imprisoning them in Altona only to protect Franz, the favored older son. "Old Hindenburg" insists that Franz died in Argentina, but the family skeleton has been exhumed: Franz, a veteran of Hitler's army, imprisoned himself upstairs in this house in 1946, and since then he has been visited only by his sister Leni. This revelation brings to light other facts about Franz. He had been "a little Puritan" and had objected to his father's selling some unused land for a concentration camp; the father, no Nazi himself, reasoned that if his land was not used, the camp would still be built, but on other property. Franz assuaged his feeling of shared guilt by hiding a Polish rabbi who had escaped from the camp. The father feared that a Nazi servant may have reported the rabbi's presence to the authorities, and he therefore arranged to have the rabbi captured and his son's "error" corrected by immediate entry into the army. But the rabbi was not captured; he was killed before Franz's eyes. Then, back from the Russian front after the war, Franz was guilty of a second "error." His sister had taken to flirting with American officers and then denouncing them as Jews. She explains: "An American, if he is not a Jew, is an anti-Semite, or else he is both at the same time." When one of these officers tried to rape her, Franz broke a bottle over his head. The father, now friendly with the American commander, again intervened and arranged for his son to leave the country, but Franz actually went into hiding, presumably because he wished neither to leave Germany nor to face trial for attempted murder.

BACK IN the present, the younger son swears to obey his father's wishes,

but his wife resolves to save them from imprisonment in Altona. The old man encourages her to visit Franz, to lead him out of his self-confinement, and to persuade him to talk to his father, whom he has refused to see. She learns soon enough that Franz is not really troubled by the threat of persecution; his father has enough influence with the Americans to hush things up. When she visits Franz, she finds that he has stayed in seclusion so as not to witness the annihilation of Germany, described to him by his sister—Munich “a pair of bricks,” Hamburg “no man’s land,” and the last Germans “in the cellars.” She has concealed the new German prosperity from him in order to keep him as her incestuous lover, and in consequence Franz spends his days justifying himself and Germany to the future, making tape recordings, addressing the tribunal of crabs who will supplant the human race and rule the world in the year 3059. At the same time, he mocks his former cause by throwing oyster shells at a portrait of Hitler and eating chocolate replicas of his medals. Simple as it is to disabuse him and to set everyone free, Johanna cannot bring herself to do it. She falls in love with the prisoner, visits him daily, and hears him plead that his real guilt was his innocence, his failure to do anything necessary, any wicked act, so that Germany might be saved from destruction: “He who has not done everything has done nothing; I have done nothing.” His tirades are interrupted by his jealous, vindictive sister, who brings him a newspaper in which he may read of Germany’s present wealth; she then pushes him to confess that, in the war, he had tortured Russian partisans.

The true reason for his confinement is, it seems, quite different from what he had represented it to be. He *had* done everything, and he could be justified only if Germany was in ruins, only if he had been fighting to save his nation from total annihilation. Johanna shrinks from him; he goes down-

stairs to face his father and to make his full confession. He attributes primary responsibility to his father, to the sale of the lands and the betrayal of the Polish rabbi. Following the father’s example, Franz had made power his vocation. After the war, he sought to exonerate himself: “The ruins justified me: I loved our pillaged houses, our mutilated children. I pretended that I was shutting myself up so as not to watch Germany’s agony; that’s a lie; I wished for the death of my country and I imprisoned myself so that I would not be the witness of her resurrection.” His father tells him he has “accomplished nothing, except for some individual murders.” “Old Hindenburg” acknowledges his own responsibility, and father and son go off to commit suicide in a speeding car. While the tape recorder plays back one of Franz’s appeals to the crabs, Leni goes up the stairs to take her brother’s place as the prisoner of Altona.

For all of its confusion and its “busy,” overworked plot (which turns, finally, on a woman scorned and a revelation which can not come as much or a surprise), this is still quite an impressive drama. It contrives to make striking and genuinely dramatic comments on a remarkable number of serious issues—moral, psychological, and political. The political issues are easiest to identify. Obviously, Sartre was fascinated by the phenomenon of a bustling, smiling, untroubled, resurgent Germany and by the contrast with the moral and physical condition of Germany in 1945. Germany is now a respected member of the Western Alliance and is linked with France by a particular intimacy. It may even be said to fit the father’s description of it in the play—“because of its defeat, the greatest power in Europe.” How can all this new German innocence arise from the old German guilt? What is more tempting, more curious than to juxtapose the Germany of 1945 with the Germany of 1959? Accordingly, Sartre preserves a diehard relic of the

war and puts him beside an innocent representative of the new Germany. Franz's old attitudes have been kept alive by thirteen years of isolation; Johanna, on the other hand, was only twelve at the time of the Nuremberg trial, and she did not read the papers.

THE PRISONERS OF ALTONA conveys a firm impression of the past guilt of Germany, not merely Nazi guilt, which is too easy to condemn, but the complacency of the father and the compensatory violence of the over-protected son. If the Nazis are nearly absent—we hear of one and we see another in a flashback—it is not because Sartre is, as the reviewer of the London *Observer* suggested, "flirting with Germany." Nor should this play be confused with widespread recent efforts to whitewash the Germans. Sartre has chosen to write about a conscientious German, "a little Puritan," because thorough-going Nazis are more suitable subjects for propaganda plays than for serious drama; the reasons for this were advanced by Aristotle long ago—the fall of a wicked man is not a tragedy. And Sartre is hard enough on his German soldier; a conscientious German has less excuse for his atrocities. And why is there so little guilt? Is the torturing of partisans in Smolensk the extent of German culpability? No, but it is enough for this play, for Sartre's single, small alienated fable, for his appeal to the tribunal of the crabs.

Sartre has another reason for making his hero a credible, human, conscientious man of good family who tortures partisans although he is obviously not the type for the job. Sartre has made it clear that he has Algeria in mind, perhaps even more than Germany. In one of his interviews, he says: "Franz's situation is comparable to that of a soldier returned from Algeria." Then he adds that the play "also" concerns the German situation. His magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, has consistently attacked French policy in Algeria. In the same issue with the first two acts of

The Prisoners, five documents, a poem, and an editorial are devoted to the Algerian problem; the back cover lists 20 more documents which have appeared in the magazine over a period of five years. At this point I must observe that, in examining Sartre's use of the Algerian issue, I am concerned mainly with interpreting the play. Some use of torture has been conceded and deplored by the French government; I am not qualified to judge its extent. Sartre obviously assumes the continuing employment of torture and terrorism. He asks how torture can be justified in Algeria. How can decent citizens of France become torturers? Sartre shows us a decent citizen of Germany who becomes a torturer. Only Germany's total destruction can justify Franz; that is the significantly missing parallel.

Sartre seems to be making direct use of one of the best-known documents on the Algerian problem in his account of Franz's transformation from a Puritan in the image of Martin Luther into a sadistic man of war. The change takes place when Franz watches the murder of the Polish rabbi. Nazi guards hold him, and at that moment he feels the full exasperation of powerlessness: "Curious experience, but I recommend it to future leaders: no one recovers from it... After this incident, power became my vocation... I shall never fall back into that abject impotence." The parallel is in *The Gangrene*, which purports to be an account of the torture of Algerian intellectuals; it is banned in France but has been published in England and was summarized in the *Nation* a few months ago. I cannot judge the authenticity of this volume, but Sartre's confidence in it is apparent. According to this book, the French torturers of the Algerians would say that they had themselves been tortured by the Algerians during the war, that they had learned the Nazi technique, and now took some very special satisfaction in being able to dish it out in their turn. That is close enough to suggest the origin of Franz's

motivation and perhaps even of his name.

GUILT is a principal subject of this play, but, as in some of Sartre's other plays, its ultimate form is not the expected one. To prove Franz's guilt, or Hitler's is too easy and too obvious. Instead, the final burden rests upon the father, the god of this household who has made Franz in his own image. (Like God, he is called "the father" and has no other first name.) He has spent a lifetime ignoring his own responsibility (as in the attack on the American officer). He reminds us of Hindenburg in more than his physical appearance, for Hindenburg brought Hitler to power but avoided blame because he seemed to be doing it by necessity and not by choice. Also, the father's personal history reminds us of those giants of capitalism who survive all changes of government. He is at last the person to point to, the real bearer of guilt. Now, Sartre has always been haunted by the possibility of guilt, but he has sometimes been doubtful of its reality. In his early play *The Flies*, the idea of guilt is represented as an invention of the gods, intended to keep man in chains. Sartre's political intentions were plain: the gods were the Pétain government which was imposing the idea of collective guilt upon France. Later on, guilt became at least conceivable in *Red Gloves*; it became too plain to be taken seriously in such superficial plays as *The Respectful Prostitute* and *Nekrasov*. *The Prisoners of Altona* represents the last stage of a natural development and appropriately, since someone so obsessed with the idea of guilt as Sartre is ought logically to find it real.

Sequestration, self-imprisonment, is guilt intensified. Guilty persons turn inward and imprison themselves to avoid seeing the evidence of their guilt. Franz imprisons himself for this reason, and he has, in effect, been joined in his sequestration by his sister. By flirting with the Americans and by re-

quiring her brother's protection, Leni has made her incest inevitable. She rejects other men, and she must compel her brother's intervention because she needs to make him a prisoner whom only she can visit. T. S. Eliot has observed that in literature incest is generally symbolic, since no one has any interest in defending it; here it is symbolic of that self-containment, that turning inward which is reflected also by self-imprisonment. The father is the prisoner of his business. He is only the nominal head of it, the owner and not the manager, and he is trying to compel his younger son to undertake a lifetime of similar sequestration. Even Johanna is a prisoner; she is a former actress who has fallen short of success, and she has taken refuge in private life. We are all prisoners, Sartre seems to be saying, and some of us are guilty.

Free to WRITERS seeking a book publisher

Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures reveal the behind-the-scenes story of subsidy publishing, and tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national publicity, sales promotion and advertising. We publish every kind of book, from the little volume of verse and the first novel to the scholarly study and the critical essay. Our special academic imprint, *Exposition—University Books*, is reserved for deserving scholarly works. These books reflect the high editorial standards and quality of design and production which have won the acceptance of libraries, schools, booksellers and critics.

Your inquiries and manuscripts are invited. An editorial report will be furnished promptly without any obligation. For copies of our free literature, please write to *Manny Marks, Editorial Dept.*

Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 16

BOOK REVIEWERS AND CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ISABELLA FEY is a frequent contributor of poetry to numerous literary periodicals.

LESLIE FIEDLER's *Love and Death in the American Novel*, a volume of literary criticism, will be published this coming spring by Criterion Books.

In addition to his appearances in *Midstream*, THEODORE FRANKEL's articles on Germany have

been published in *Yale Review* and other periodicals.

HENRY POPKIN of the faculty of Brandeis University, an authority on the American theatre and drama, is at present living in France.

EZRA SPICEHANDLER is Associate Professor of Hebrew Literature at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion.

SUBSCRIBERS

CONTRIBUTORS

CORRESPONDENTS

ADVERTISERS

Please note our new address:

MIDSTREAM
515 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

MIXED PEWS?

Controversial, no doubt. What is your opinion? What is your opinion based on? Now, for the first time, you can find in one volume the case for separation of the sexes in the synagogue — from authentic sources in Jewish law, history, psychology, rabbinic and juridical decisions. Invaluable reading for every informed Jew.

THE SANCTITY OF THE SYNAGOGUE

Edited by Baruch Litvin
\$5.00

Traditional
Educational Association

33 W. 42 ST. NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

THE HERZL PRESS

announces the publication of

THE ISRAELI WORKER
Achievements, Attitudes, Aspirations

By Dr. Ferdinand Zweig

Visiting Professor of Labor Relations
at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem 1953-1956

A significant contribution to our understanding of the major forces which shaped the economy, society and the culture of the new Jewish state.

pp. XIV, 305 \$5.00

A NEW ZIONISM

By Dr. Mordecai M. Kaplan

In the five years since its first publication this study has become a Zionist classic. The present edition contains a new extremely important chapter entitled "Why a Greater Zionism" and a completely spelled out "Platform for a New Zionism."

Second enlarged edition pp. 190 \$3.50

HERZL YEAR BOOK
Essays in Zionist History and Thought

VOLUME II

Edited by Raphael Patai

Contains 11 original studies dealing with important developments and leading personalities in the history of Zionism.

pp. VI, 253 illustrated \$5.00

REPORT ON ISRAEL

By Gertrude Samuels

(Herzl Institute Pamphlet No. 14)

A lively up-to-date account of the lives of the new immigrants in Israel, the border settlements and the town of Elat written by a staff writer and photographer of the "New York Times Magazine."

44 pp. illustrated 40¢

THE WORLD OF THE SEPHARDIM

By David de Sola Pool, Raphael Patai
and Abraham L. Cardozo

(Herzl Institute Pamphlet No. 15)

Contains three studies on the Sephardim, their folklore and music with 41 pieces of musical notes printed for the first time.

72 pp. 50¢

PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT/JEWISH AGENCY FOR ISRAEL

515 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

(Write for complete List of Publications)